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Bacon, Mrs. Mary (Mabel H. H. H.)

A KING'S FAVORITE

A COMEDY

IN

THREE ACTS

BY

DOLORES MARBOURG BACON *Marbourg*

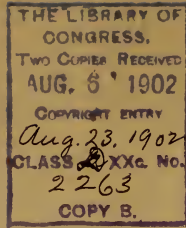
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BY

DOLORES MARBOURG BACON

AND

THOMAS W. BROADHURST



CHARACTERS

BARON HOCHSTEIM, - - - German Councillor
HERR WITTHOLD, - - - German Councillor
HERR JOHANN EISNER, - - German Councillor
DAMER, - - - Baron Hochstein's Cook
KARL, - - - The Baron's Pot Boy
HANS SCHAUS, - - - Baron's Forester
COUNTS FLORIEN, DE GUICHE,

DESCHENEL, DE LACROIX

MON. NEPIER, - - -
DUKE DE METIERE, - - -
MARQUIS DETREVILLE, - - -
DANCING MASTER, - - -
HERR WASSERMAN, - Clerk of German Council
PRINCESS DU VALLON, - - -

MADAM MARVINGT, - - -
FRAU JOHANNA EISNER, - Wife of Councillor
ELSPETH, - - - Kitchen Wench of Baron

COUNTESS JULIE DE SOUBISE, - - -

Courtiers, Ladies in Waiting, Etc.

ACT I.

TIME : *Late Afternoon.*

PLACE : *An Ante-Room in the Palace of Louis XVI.*

STAGE.

Architecture after the manner of the Period. Wide entrance C. Narrow entrance diagonally across R. U. Small door R. 2. Small candelabra on Table L. U. Chair by fire and seat against wall at R. of fire. Table and high-backed chairs about it down R. Table top is a chess board. Fourth chair pushed back nearly against the wall at R. of small door. Furniture against wall and the room has a half formal air. The stage to have a flat appearance. Room serves as lounging place for the Court when in attendance on the King. Large, bare space formed at L. U., between fire-place and angle of the wall. Counts Deschenel and de Lacroix seated at chess table, Deschenel at L. end and de Lacroix at R. Metiere is watching game seated at back of table and leaning forward. Florian and Nepier are at fire-place speaking together and indolently watching the game and joining conversation across stage.

ACT I.

DESCH.—(*Apart to Del.*) Check. (*to Florian*) He disappeared like a thief in the night.

FLOR.—Why not say that he folded his wings like an angel and—(*all laugh*).

MET.—No, no, Deschenel's phrase is better applied to de Guiche.

DEL.—Now if de Guiche could know the solicitude felt by his friends (*laugh again*). I warn you not to let your tongues run thus in the presence of the Princess Du Vallon.

DESCH.—She would not be wounded. When there is an alliance between de Guiche and the Princess it is for war—not love.

FLOR.—I'll swear 'tis not for love, unless Her Highness has two hearts. I'll swear that de Treville occupies all the space of one.

DEL.—(*Stop playing chess and attend to Florian's speech.*) Right, Florian. But if de Guiche has gone on a secret mission for the Princess, as it is whispered, by whom then is de Guiche's heart occupied? I confess I'm curious.

DESCH.—Play, de Lacroix. I'll satisfy your curiosity, and checkmate you at the same time. (*Moves as he speaks and Del. looks abstractedly at chess board, then looks up at Desch. and nods and smiles. Desch. leans back with hands on knees to indicate that game is at an end.*)

DEL.—Well, you've done the one,—now for the other. With whom is de Guiche's heart occupied, since he goes on secret missions for the Princess du Vallon.

DESCH.—With the gentle Countess Julie, neice of Richelieu, Queen of Hearts!

FLOR.—By heaven you are right, Deschenel. I am now reminded of a thousand things that—(*laughs*). Gentlemen, the idleness of a Court would make archangels gossip. (*Crossing to table, all grouping gradually at R.*)

MET.—And now, since we have disposed of the hearts of the Princess and de Guiche, what of the Countess Julie's?

DESCH.—It keeps its own secret that none of us may lose hope.

FLOR.—I've noticed de Treville since—

DE GUICHE.—(*Enters C. hastily in traveling clothes, somewhat dusty and disarranged. Pauses C. E. looking off preoccupiedly, hand haughtily on sword. All turn, showing dislike or ridicule of de Guiche.*)

DESCH.—Ah, returned to us, safe and unharmed de Guiche, and from a long journey. (*Looks at others quizzically while the others laugh.*)

DE GUICHE.—Be the journey long or short, I see it has not been long enough to cure our adventurer, de Treville, of his insolence. (*Looking off C.*)

DESCH.—(*All show displeasure at de Guiche's remark.*) You have not been here to discipline him, Mons. de Guiche.

DE GUICHE.—Well, then, now I have returned—(*laughs sneeringly*)—I'll try to protect the ladies of the Court from an adventurer's insolence. I met him but now without the ante-chamber, boring the Countess Julie de Soubise with his adventures, and I addressed him—

DESCH.—(*Apart to men*) Happy de Treville.

DE GUICHE.—No matter what I said, but what think you he answered? He replied "I was a gentleman before I was a Marquis, Mons. de Guiche." And had you heard him you would have believed him. (*Coming C.*)

MET.—Well, and so he was. The family de Treville is of the best in all France.

DE GUICHE.—Yes, but does he belong to it? It seems you like this fellow, Metière, with his long claims—even to a German principality.

MET.—Well enough; well enough. I know of no one that would claim a principality quicker than you, de Guiche, if one lay so close to you as de Treville's does to him.

DE GUICHE.—(*Haughtily, with his hand on sword.*) You mean, Monsieur—?

MET. (*All men in attitudes of careless interest and insolence. Deschenel's foot in chair.*) I mean that de Treville is the most pleasing gentleman of the Court. He claims a principality, and what is more to the point, the Germans may grant these claims. If that should happen—

DE GUICHE.—It will not happen. And if it should, this pleasing gentleman and favorite of Louis' Court would be an adventurer still. Who would believe him to be—

DESCH.—We don't expect the man who would marry Julie de Soubise to believe in a rival.

DE GUICHE.—(*Excitedly, again hand on sword.*) You mean—? (*All laugh loudly.*)

MET.—Our meaning is quite clear, my friend. We like de Treville. Will that do for you? (*Men at fire-place cross and join group at table as all at table rise.*)

FLOR.—(*Speaks while crossing.*) May we live to say to the Marquis de Treville: "Health to your Highness."

DE GUICHE.—You are bewildered by this charlatan's smooth ways.

MET.—I'll swear the Countess Julie is.

DE GUICHE.—Gentlemen, you go too far. Who speaks the name of the Countess Julie—

FLOR.—Should speak it gently, as we do, Monsieur de Guiche. (*Goes R. U.*)

DESCH.—(*Idly moving chess-men about.*) Last night, after the King had withdrawn, the Countess said to me: "Deschenel, I would give that man my eyes who would make the Marquis, Prince."

FLOR.—(*Pouring wine at little table.*) To the Countess Julie's eyes!

ALL.—To her eyes! (*Going to table while Florien drinks.*)

DEL.—There are no lovelier in all France—nor clearer sighted.

(*De Guiche stands apart near fire, frowning.*)

FLOR.—(*Pouring wine for all.*) To the Marquis de Treville, May he be Prince! May he win whom he will!

DE GUICHE.—(*Snapping his sword into place and facing men wrathfully.*) Gentlemen, you shall pay for this—all.

FLOR.—(*Rallying tone.*) All at once, or one at a time?

DE GUICHE.—As you please, now if you wish it. As for the charlatan, de Treville, I bear here, that which— (*Tapping breast.*)

(*Madam Marvingt enters small door R. Hesitates at sight of men. Del. sees her first.*)

DEL.—Madam Marvingt. (*All see her. Marvingt courtesies.*) Tell us, Madam Marvingt—he is your young gentleman—is de Treville a gentleman or a good actor? Is he a charlatan or a Prince? Is he rich or poor, in love with one woman or with all women, as he seems to be—come?

FLOR.—Yes, Madam Marvingt—they say you found him.

MARVINGT.—I, a tailoress? A good tailoress, to be sure, and to the Court; but yet a tailoress. Who says I found the Marquis de Treville?

FLOR.—Why, the Marquis himself, for one.

MARVINGT.—(*Softer manner.*) If the Marquis says it, then 'tis true.

FLOR.—The Marquis says more, he says you should be costumer at the Court of Heaven.

MARVINGT.—God bless His Highness. He is generous to all.

MET.—He is grateful to his friends. He says you saved his life.

MARVINGT.—(*All surround her interestedly. De Guiche stands apart by fire angrily.*) No, his youth and great strength did that, gentlemen.

DE GUICHE.—(*Sneeringly.*) I doubt not your charitable coals and soups had part to do with it, Madam. (*De Treville appears R. U. E.*)

MARVINGT.—(*Turns angrily.*) For shame, Monsieur—

DE TREVILLE.—(*Comes down, takes Marvingt's hand reverently and kisses it.*) No doubt they did, Monsieur de Guiche, since without the coals my youth must have warmed itself at the fire of imagination, and my strength have fed itself, not at all. (*Speaks gently, pleasantly and graciously.*)

MET.—Bravo!

DE GUICHE.—(*Crosses insolently to De Treville and stands looking at him.*) You are an adventurer, sir, I SAY it.

DE TREVILLE.—(*Softly.*) If to adventure, sir, be to love one's friends and to tolerate one's enemies then I am an adventurer, THOUGH YOU DO SAY IT. (*All shout with laughter. Flor. and Del. turn to each other with amusement and speak in dumb show.*)

DE GUICHE.—The Countess Julie—

DE TREVILLE.—(*Slowly turns and looks de Guiche in the face, while de Guiche hesitates. Places hand gently on de Guiche's shoulder.*) And while an adventurer may tolerate his enemies, he sometimes skewers an indiscreet man, Monsieur. (*Suddenly tightens grasp on shoulder and wrenches de Guiche around.*)

DE GUICHE.—(*Claps hand to shoulder.*) You hurt me. (*Hand to sword.*)

DE TREVILLE.—(*Smiling.*) No matter, I will forbear to kill you.

MARVINGT.—(*Rushes at de Guiche with scissors.*) Have at him, Marquis. Have at him. (*De Guiche backs away. All shout with laughter. De Treville intervenes.*)

DE TREVILLE.—Easy, good Madam Marvingt, easy.

FLOR.—Since he faints before Madam's scissors, he feints when he challenges, eh, gentlemen?

DE TREVILLE. (*Gaily.*) Nay, Florian. The man may guess where a sword may run him through, but a woman's scissors (*laughs*)—I blame him not. Besides Monsieur de Guiche has but now returned from a journey, doubtless he is much exhausted.

DE GUICHE.—Its results will banish my fatigue.

DE TREVILLE.—Let us hope so, Monsieur de Guiche.

DEL.—You are generous.

DE GUICHE.—He is a coward. (*Going up. All start forward and look at de Treville anxiously.*)

DE TRE.—True—I—hate—to—kill—a—man.

DE GUICHE.—(*Wildly.*) You will have to or be killed.

DE TRE.—(*At table. Speaks carelessly, but is attentive.*) Must it be now, Monsieur de Guiche?

DE GUICHE.—It cannot be too soon. (*Exits hastily C. and turns L.*)

DE TRE.—(*All men come down R., while Marvingt stands C. De Tre. back of table. Pauses thoughtfully while looking abstractedly at men.*) I should—I—should hate—to kill a man.

(Pause.) I will pink him just here. (*Places fingers nicely just over heart.*) Not an eighth of an inch below the skin. And then, if he insists on getting himself killed—for he is no coward, gentlemen—I will smother him with friendship. He would sooner be killed. (*Metiere and Florian speak and laugh apart. Florian fills glass, quickly hands to de Treville.*)

FLOR.—To your Highness!

ALL.—(*Drink.*) To His Highness!

DE TRE.—(*Bows and laughs.*) Softly, friends. Three worthy Germans are like as not to say, "To the devil with him."

DEL.—With whom lie your interests, Marquis de Treville?

DE TRE.—Why, as you know friends, my suit lies in Germany, in the State of Wurtemberg, but worse than that, my fate is in the hands of three fellows, each as unlike the other as three men can well be, if I am well informed. If these men had similar tastes or minds I might present to them in common my plea. But each hates the other, and thinks whatever the other two—do not.

DEL.—A fine trio to reason with.

DE TRE.—Are they, not, gentlemen? One councillor is a jolly huntsman, who lives for boar and beer, they tell me; a wild, ferocious fellow, who's good at heart when once a man can find it. A second is a pale and mouldy bookworm, who reads the Latin poets before breakfast—and looks it. But there *may* be good in such a man. The third one has a wife. The Lord knows what he's like in judgment, for that good frau of his casts his votes for him. She promises him a pasty, they say, and tells him to have a care that his decisions please her. And the woman nearly dies of overmuch virtue. Thus, you see, gentlemen, if I would please these three judges, I must first of all be a roysterer and a pig sticker, next a scholar, as familiar with immortal lechery as with mortal debauchery, and finally a cook; a cook, and able to commend myself to virtuous females. Should I win two of them, I am no better off. Unanimity must make me Prince. But majority may make me pauper. Now gentlemen, what chance think you I stand?

MET.—None, none de Treville. A man needs be a woman to be these three things in one. Naught but a woman could so be all things to all men.

(*Julie appears at R. U. entrance unperceived, and Dancing Master appears behind her. Julie speaks to him indifferently in dumb show. Turns suddenly and listens to Marvingt attentively.*)

MARVINGT.—If they do not grant his suit, gentlemen, he is no less a Prince. If they grant it—he can be no more a Prince.

DE TRE.—(*Julie greatly delighted starts forward. De Treville gently takes Marvingt's hand and kisses it again.*) One subject such as thou, Madame— (*Marvingt, embarrassed, withdraws hand quickly, and Marquis' hand falls at side. Julie hurries down to de Treville while Marvingt speaks.*)

MARVINGT.—Marquis when you kiss my hand I feel—

JULIE.—(*Softly snatches de Treville's hand and kisses it gaily.*) As he does now, good Marvingt.

DE TREVILLE.—(*Withdraws hand quickly as Marvingt did hers and starts back.*) Lady Julie.

JULIE.—(*Turns instantly and disregards de Treville, who withdraws to extreme R., and stands with back to company trying to recover himself. All men bow very low to Julie. Presently de Treville turns and regards Julie passionately during the scene that follows.*) Florian, I am learning that new step you brought from that bearish country which holds the fortunes of the Marquis de Treville. (*Motions Dancing Master forward. Master takes his place L. U., and has business with fiddle, taking steps, etc. Julie holds hand to Florian*) You will? (*Florien bows over hand and takes her up. Men follow.*)

FLORIEN.—Countess—

MARVINGT.—(*Goes C. as Julie goes up.*) Countess Julie de Soubise—

JULIE.—(*Turns quickly and smiles at Marvingt.*) Yes, good Marvingt. You come about my gown. Watch the dance. (*Turns and dances with Florian, and speaks while dancing.*) You will better measure the gown. It is—a-German-dance—that country which denies my Lord— (*Looks smilingly over shoulder at Marquis, who is at extreme R. watching Julie passionately*)—his titles and estates. When you cut the gown, good Marvingt, allow for German feet—THEY TELL ME THEY NEED ROOM. Monsieur—(*To Dancing Master. Gentlemen watch and crowd around while Julie and Florian dance.*)

MARVINGT.—*Retires toward de Treville, who all during the scene watches Julie passionately.*) Marquis, I have news for you. A peasant from your Wurtemberg estates is at my shop hid. He comes with messages from your people.

DE TRE.—(*Listening anxiously, still watching Julie.*) Good Marvingt, you are too certain of my suit. As yet I have no people.

MARVINGT.—We'll call them yours till you have lost them, Marquis. But the messenger. You are to send him word through me, lest there are spies upon you.

DE TRE.—But what news brings he? I do not know the people of Wurtemberg.

MARVINGT.—Nor they you. But they know the house now in possession and are dissatisfied. Though the case goes against you, he says they will revolt and stand for you, if you will but promise them some righteous favors.

DE TRE.—Ah, (*Dividing his attention with Julie.*) See how she moves there. I'd pluck my heart out for a glance of hers.

MARVINGT.—(*With impatience.*) You are right, Marquis, but you need your estates and Princely titles to offer her. And what of the Princess du Vallon?

DE TRE.—(*Turning suddenly to Marvingt.*) Madam—

MARVINGT.—Well, well. What word shall I give the messenger? Will you join your people and take your rights by force if need be, or—

DE TRE.—I'd rather prove my claim and enter into my privileges than force my rights, and be called an adventurer, still —

MARVINGT.—True, but one way or another I'd be a Prince, Marquis.

DE TRE.—(*Looks at her and laughs and takes her hand.*) Good Marvingt, you should have been a man. I'll see your messenger myself, when I can leave the Court without espionage, and we shall see—

MARVINGT.—One thing more—

JULIE.—(*Calling over her shoulder.*) Marquis, do you not watch the dance? (*Marquis advances eagerly and smiling.*)

DE TRE.—I have not lost one point of all its beauty, Countess. (*Marvingt plucking him by sleeve and Marquis attending her with divided attention.*)

MARVINGT.—One word more, Marquis. This messenger tells me that some one has been to Germany from this Court and conferred about your affairs with the Kaiser. He says you are betrayed in your own country. (*Julie and men moving up and partly off L.*)

DE TRE.—De Guiche. He has been on a long journey, and but now returned.

MARVINGT.—Have a care, Marquis.

DE TRE.—Be tranquil, good Marvingt. I will see your guest. (*Marvingt slowly retires to table, and de Treville joins group which is dispersing at L. E.*)

DE TRE.—I would see you dance again, and yet again, Countess Julie.

JULIE.—You should have attended when I danced, Marquis. (*Smiles at de Treville, who comes C. with Julie, while men gradually disappear without wide entrance L., master still fiddling.*) Shall I teach you the dance of your country?

DE TRE.—France is my country.

JULIE.—Germany is yours as well, Marquis. Marvingt, you wait to measure me for my gown. I shall first teach the Marquis to dance. Leave your tape. (*Marvingt takes tape from her pocket, looking in surprise at Julie.*)

DE TRE.—And say to your guest that I will consider his request, good Marvingt.

MARV.—(*Courtesies.*) But your measurements, Countess—

JULIE.—(*Snatching tape and laughing.*) Leave your tape. The Marquis will take it. (*Marvingt courtesies herself off R. U.*) Now, Marquis. (*Holds tape to him, which he takes in bewilderment.*) Music! (*To Dancing-master, who plays. Julie begins to dance, holding out right arm for measurements. Marquis at right of Julie and a little behind her, until he places tape at her wrist, then steps forward slightly and measures while on one knee. Julie takes his uplifted hand as in a dance. Marquis measures from wrist to shoulder.*) Now, from there (*placing left hand at nape of neck and then at waist line*) to there, Marquis.

DE TRE.—(*Flings away tape passionately.*) I do not need the tape, Countess, thy head comes to my heart. (*Stands close to her, with one arm outstretched behind her. Julie takes Marquis's left hand in her left one, which is the hand raised. Marquis slightly behind her. Julie takes dancing step and he accommodates his step to hers.*)

JULIE.—And then, my waist, Marquis.

DE TRE.—(*Steps back in panic.*) I need not, Countess, my hands can span it.

JULIE.—(*Turns toward Marquis and holds up her arms.*) Marquis, you have not my measure yet, 'tis taken 'round my heart.

DE TRE.—(*In great excitement.*) Countess Julie, this is twice to-day you have mocked me, now and when you kissed my hand. A nameless man like me may not take the measure of your heart. (*Dancing-master retires without C. E., playing fitfully.*)

JULIE.—(*Up, near C. E.*) Because of your conscience, Marquis, I say you may before you ask permission. (*Marquis grasps her hands as du Vallon enters R. U. Pause. Marquis and Julie draw apart. Julie exits L. C. Du Vallon speaks from entrance.*)

DU VALLON.—(*Angry and sneering.*) When the Countess has finished pleading her suit, Marquis de Treville, I would speak with you. (*Marquis bows.*) De Treville, my patience is worn out—

DE TRE.—(*Coming down*) I have never known your patience, Princess.

DU VALLON.—It has required patience to love you.

DE TRE.—(*Slightly frowning.*) Princess, I beg—

DU VALLON.—(*Furiously.*) You accepted my love.

DE TRE.—A gentleman does not close his arms to mortal woman or female ghost your Highness, and if a man were dead, the Princess du Vallon would still revive his gentlemanly habit.

DU VALLON.—(*Enraged.*) De Treville, your gallant speeches but add fuel to the fire of my anger. I have loved you too fondly to bear myself with discretion at all times before the Court. You think I will give you back your freedom and flout myself. The King sends his favorites to the Bastile; but, de Treville, mine shall go to the axe, when a waiting world shall call for explanation. The axe CUTS OFF explanation.

DE TRE.—(*Quietly.*) You cannot value my life less than I do, Princess du Vallon. A man without name or country—my love is unsuited to one like you.

DU VALLON.—Perhaps Julie de Soubise—

DE TRE.—(*Turning abruptly upon her.*) Name her not, Princess—

DU VALLON.—Treville. (*Turns C. Pauses while de Treville stands regarding du Vallon anxiously and forbiddingly.*)

DE TRE.—(*Bowing.*) May we not part in peace, Princess. I go to Germany. (*Du Vallon looks at him suddenly, turning about to do so, and thereby causing de Treville to look at her and slightly pause.*)

DU VALLON.—(*De Guiche enters C. E. as Marquis speaks. Du Vallon starts aside as de Guiche enters and regards him anxiously.*) De Guiche!

DE GUICHE.—Is the Marquis in a hurry to depart for Vienna?

DE TRE.—Why? Do you wish to accompany me as my postilion, Monsieur de Guiche?

DE GUICHE.—Sir! I have but now returned from Germany. I wish you were a gentleman. I should like to fight you.

DE TRE.—I wish I had time. I should like to kill you, monsieur. (*Bows haughtily to the Princess and starts up C. De Guiche and he measure each other haughtily, and de Guiche comes down R. by Princess. Laughter without as de Treville speaks, and courtiers and ladies of the Court appear, gathering C. E. and U. E. without. De Treville meets them just without entrance and is surrounded by courtiers, who speak in dumb show, gaily. As de Guiche turns, and de Treville goes up, and laughter is heard without, du Vallon speaks.*)

DU VALLON.—You have returned—

DE GUICHE.—An hour since. (*Laughter without again, and people pass to and fro and speak in groups together.*)

DU VALLON.—And your mission—

DE GUICHE.—The Kaiser rejoices to do the Princess du Vallon a favor. (*Hands Princess a note drawn from his pouch. Du Vallon glances at it while speaking.*)

DU VALLON.—From the Kaiser. (*Reads hurriedly.*) He says he sends a message to Louis. (*Looks up at de Guiche.*)

DE GUICHE.—It is delivered.

DU VALLON.—The message . . ?

DE GUICHE.—Will conduct this fine Marquis to the Bastile, if the King inclines to do his brother sovereign a good office.

DU VALLON.—You have delivered the message without council with me? (*Frowns.*)

DE GUICHE.—Princess, I undertook this mission to the Kaiser somewhat on my own account as well as on yours. I had a grievance against this precious adventurer, while you had influence at the German Court. You did not lend me this influence for the Marquis de Treville's good, I may suppose?

DU VALLON.—But I prefer to conduct my own affairs, Count de Guiche.

DE GUICHE.—Yet you requested my assistance, Princess. The first word I hear on my return is of the Countess de Soubise and this would-be Prince—

DU VALLON.—(*Impatiently.*) Well! Well! What reason did the Kaiser give to Louis for his interference?

DE GUICHE.—His fear of revolution in Wurtemberg. He writes Louis he fears de Treville's presence just now. The suit is as good as settled. The three councillors, in whose hands the suit lies, are pledged beforehand, but revolution—

DU VALLON.—(*Listens abstractedly.*) The Bastile cures inconstancy. (*Laughter without as Court slowly assembles on stage. De Treville comes down L. C., surrounded by Florian, Metiere, Delacroix and Deschenel.*)

DESCH.—Agreed then, that we follow you to Vienna de Treville, that we may be the first to drink a health to your Highness.

DE TRE.—Friends you are too sanguine. I'm as like to return a pauper as a Prince.

DE GUICHE.—(*Apart to Princess, as they move toward small entrance R.*) More like, more like, friend.

DESCH.—De Treville, when you are Prince, remember that we loved you as an unknown gentleman.

DE TRE.—And as a gentleman, though now unknown, I shall forget neither my friends nor my enemies.

MARVINGT.—(*Running on R. U. E.*) Marquis! Marquis! (*All start and turn in amazement and with solicitude.*)

DE TRE.—Well, good Marvingt . . . ?

MARVINGT.—The guard, Marquis, the King's guard! (*Du Vallon half retires within curtained entrance R., but is not concealed, nor attempts to conceal herself.*)

DE TRE.—We are acquainted with His Majesty's guard, good madam. (*Marvingt wrings her hands.*)

MARVINGT.—Oh, Marquis! (*Enter Julie hurriedly R. U. E.*)

JULIE.—(*Breathlessly.*) Marquis de Treville—the guard—Louis— (*De Treville rushes to her aid as she leans half fainting against entrance.*)

DE TRE.—(*All rush up C. and look off.*) She faints. (*Marvingt starts toward door, but looks off R. U. at the same time.*)

JULIE.—(*Recovering herself.*) No, no! An order of the King! Your arrest, Marquis de Treville!

DE TRE.—Arrest! (*Hand on sword.*) No! (*Pauses in bewilderment.*) And my suit—my honor—my name—nay! I'm for Vienna this very night! (*Starts up C. and meets Guard as it enters C. Guard passes entrance R. U. Du Vallon watches scene still at R., holding aside curtains. De Guiche, with arms folded and looking amused, below table extreme R. As Marquis reaches C. E., the courtiers give way for the Guard and back down stage.*)

CAPT. OF GUARD.—In the name of the King!

DE TRE.—Never! (*Draws sword.*) In the name of honor! (*Capt. motions Guard to close in on de Treville.*) Death or freedom! More than my life is at stake. Honor! Name! At this hour when I am departing from France to defend both. No! To the death! (*Turns fiercely to fight Guards, who are about to use force. Julie throws herself in the way.*)

JULIE.—(*Trying to hamper his sword arm.*) Would you seek death before my very eyes? (*De Treville pauses, regards Julie, slowly sheathes sword, with look of agony and resignation, and Guard takes possession of him.*)

DU VALLON.—(*Advances toward de Treville as Guard and de Treville go up C.*) You shall thank me for your freedom, de Treville.

DE TRE.—(*Looking at her bitterly and sadly.*) And whom for my arrest, Princess?

DU VALLON.—(*Aside to Marquis.*) Your inconstancy, Marquis de Treville.

MARVINGT.—(*Calling after de Treville, who is at C. E. All the Court L.*) There shall be revolution in Wurtemberg for this, Marquis. (*Julie turns excitedly to Marvingt as she speaks, and they confer down L., while de Guiche goes R. U. E.*)

DE TRE.—A woman's heart takes strange revenges, madam. (*De Treville disappears past R. U. E. All the Court, C. E. and R. U. E., excitedly look after the Guard. De Guiche on right of R. U. E.*)

JULIE.—(*Turns from conferring with Marvingt excitedly and calls after Marquis from standing C.*) TREVILLE! YOU SHALL BE PRINCE! (*De Treville out of sight.*)

DE GUICHE.—(*Calls after Marquis mockingly.*) A health to your Highness! (*Angry start from gentlemen and sounds of disapproval. De Guiche turns toward them and insolently places hand on sword.*) (*Du Vallon at small entrance R. Julie turns to Marvingt, who supports her slightly. De Guiche suddenly draws sword and Deschenel draws his, and they engage. Great excitement.*)

WITHOUT.—The King! (*Trumpets.*)

JULIE.—(*Grasps Marvingt's hand and turns to small entrance R.*) Come!

MARVINGT.—Where?

JULIE.—To Vienna. (*When the King has been announced, the clash of swords has instantly stopped, and all have stood upon etiquette, intensely excited. King's suite is seen without C. E., with herald, etc., as Julie makes her exit. The stage is vacant and filling at the same instant, and the curtain falls as Julie is at R. E. and suite at C. E. Court at R. U. E. King not in sight.*)

(QUICK CURTAIN.)



ACT II.

TIME :—*Six weeks later, 7 p.m.*

PLACE :—*Baron Hochstein's kitchen, Germany.*

CHARACTERS.

BARON HOCHSTEIM.

HERR WITTHOLD.

DAMER.

KARL.

HANS SCHAUS.

ELSPETH.

MARVINGT.

(Page to Julie and called Jean.)

JULIE.

(Marquise de Treville.)

SCENE.

(Kitchen of the Baron Hochstein's castle. Great fire-place L. A haunch of venison hanging before fire on spit. R. on fire is steaming cauldron of sauer-kraut. Diagonally at L. U. is a tun of wine. Low cornice at top of room on which plates and steins are disposed. Handsome, but rickety, high-backed chairs at back against wall. Massive door at R. of stairs. Stairway coming down C. (little right of centre) at back. Long table centre, length running up and down stage instead of R. and L. Sort of locker or side-board at R. Entrance R. 1st. Carved chairs, with lower backs than the Baron's, arranged along the wall R. Table bare when curtain rises. Half a deer hanging a little to R. of wine tun, back. Bacon rack at ceiling. Walls, ceiling and furniture have a blackened and ill-kept appearance. As curtain rises Damer is discovered at fire turning spit and basting venison. Elspeth is leaning across table talking to Damer.)

ELSP.—I'm dying of this old, withered kitchen. *(Speaks irritably.)*

DAMER.—I say it's of love. If ye loved less, ye'd work more. The kitchen's a fine, seasoned room, an' ye'll speak well o' it.

ELSP.—For whom am I like to die of love?

DAMER.—Hans Schaus is better than six wenches like ye, an' if ye die not Hans will—an' so ye'd better die.

ELSP.—When I die of love, master Damer, it wont be for love of a huntsman's leathers and cap.

DAMER.—Well, think less o' silks and satins, an' set ye the table. *(Turns suddenly and angrily upon her.)* And say naught against the kitchen, d'ye hear?

ELSP.—I'll speak when I please, and how it suits me. *(Damer grabs ladle from sauer-kraut and throws it at Elspeth, while she dodges it and laughs mockingly.)* If ye but aimed less like a woman—

DAMER.—*(Angrily.)* Be hanged!

ELSP.—(*As about to cross to sideboard.*) Lord! Hear the wind; how it howls.

DAMER.—And the Baron and Hans be late. That means ill sport.

ELSP.—Aye, and bad humor. They'll come from the forest with dripping coats and a string of curses as long as my new ribbon. (*Goes to sideboard and returns to table with things to set upon it.*)

DAMER.—Be ye ready to make the Baron and Hans comfortable—

ELSP.—(*Contemptuously.*) Two pigs—

DAMER.—(*Drops saucepan on stove in excitement.*) What! ye speak o' the Baron—

ELSP.—(*Leaning insolently upon table with hands.*) Dripping wet, stinking leathers, great beards full of smoke, water and stale beer. Have ye heard of the great Marquis de Treville, you old fool?

DAMER.—I've heard Hans and Master speak of the French varlet. (*Raises hands in disgust.*) A white feathered rascal he is, with his silk and satin ruffles and his woman's manners, and his wicked ways with the ladies.

ELSP.—Well then, in something he has the manners of a man.

DAMER.—A nice, sickly rascal for a girl like ye to speak of—an' a man like Hans in love with ye. To have ye speak of an honest man like Hans in the same breath—

ELSP.—(*Makes contemptuous gesture.*) Pouf! that's French. If a Prince be not an honest man, who is?

DAMER.—Who's a Prince, ye fool? Not your Marquis. I've heard the Baron laugh about the fellow. He calls him a sickly, woman's man. The Baron is the one to say if the fellow shall be Prince, and he will not say it. What! take fine, German estates from the province and give them to a fellow who eats frogs! Ye're mad.

ELSP.—The Baron's a fool. (*Turns again to the sideboard and takes battered silver tankard and platter from it. As she turns to cross to the table Karl enters R. I. with arms full of great loaves of bread, and a large official envelope in his mouth. Karl carries bread to R. of wine tun and dumps it on the floor, while Damer turns to watch him.*)

DAMER.—What have ye in yer mouth, ye varlet?

KARL.—(*Turns very deliberately and takes envelope from his mouth and turns it over. Damer and Elspeth go toward him and all meet C., inspecting envelope.*) It be a letter by postilion for the master. It be very particular. It be for him NOW. (*Looks about as if in search for the Baron.*)

DAMER.—Well, man, ye can't give it to him now, when he's in the forest.

KARL.—But it be for him now. It be from Vienna. It come to Vienna from France. It come from Vienna to the castle by postilion. It be for the Baron NOW.

ELSP.—(*Grabbing letter eagerly.*) Give it me. It came from France. (*Looks up comprehensively at Damer.*) It may be from the Marquis. Pouf! (*Flirts with fingers.*) That's French. The Marquis lives in France.

KARL.—(*Angrily grabbing letter from her.*) Gi' it to me, I tell 'ee. Gi' it to me. It's for the Baron NOW.

DAMER.—(*Grabbing the letter from Elspeth, who has held it out of Karl's reach.*) Ye jackanapes! How can ye give him the letter when he's out in the forest hunting boar? (*To Elspeth.*) Do ye think your sick Marquis the only man in France, wench? I'll take the letter. (*Weights letter pompously.*) Now, I'll warrant it be a letter from the Court at Vienna. It asks the Baron if it may dine at six instead of four.

ELSP.—(*Laughing. Karl looks stupid.*) Why not ask if the Court may have roast boar instead of sausages? Or maybe the Herr Baron is asked if the King may wash his face. (*Snaps fingers derisively.*) Pouf!

DAMER.—You are a damned bold wench. (*Places letter on Baron's plate.*) Don't touch ye the letter. Maybe the King's hand has touched it. Mind, if ye touch it, I'll scald ye. (*Great noise heard without back. Stamping and cursing.*) There! (*All start and look toward the door, while Elspeth leisurely turns to her business of setting the table, and Karl stares straight at the door.*) Get ye at the table, and have a care how ye trouble Hans this night, for they be in ill humor. Lord! (*Hastens to stove and has business with pots and pans.*)

ELSP.—Look out for thyself, and warn Hans, not me. (*Karl starts to take letter from Baron's plate. More noise outside, back. Dogs bark. Elspeth cuffs Karl as he is about to take letter from plate.*) Let be, ye fool! (*Karl falls half way across stage and down R. Turns as if to fight Elspeth as door opens, back. Enter Baron, back, stamping and cursing, with dogs behind him, held in leash by Hans. Both men covered with snow. Baron stamps to fire and kicks aside pot on floor with great noise. Elspeth looks at both men with indifference and with nose turned up. Karl stops in process of slapping Elspeth, and Hans makes great efforts to restrain dogs as he follows Baron to fire. Hans ties dogs to table leg and takes off belt, which he is about to throw on table, when Elspeth comes to him coquettishly and offers to take it.*)

HANS.—(*Tenderly.*) Nay, I'll care for it, Elspeth. (*Business for the two, while Elspeth seems to speak of his wet clothing, etc. They go R. by table to speak in dumb show.*)

BARON.—(*Roars loudly.*) Supper!

DAMER.—Herr Baron shall be served this moment.

BARON.—(*Grabbing dog by collar.*) Food for the dog, slave! (*Karl rushes to the cauldron upon stove and starts to ladle out mush for the dogs, when Baron grabs spoon from him and kicks over pan into which Karl was about to put mush for the dogs.*) Are ye daft? The dogs are spent. Would you stuff their gullets like Strassbourg geese? Be off! (*Points to pan at left of stove.*) Give it to me. (*Karl hands pan to Baron. Baron throws bits of food from it, first to one dog, then to another.*)

KARL.—Yes, Master. Now.

DAMER.—Pull off the Baron's hunting boots, ye rascal. D'ye think— (*Karl hastens to obey Damer, and the Baron kicks him over back.*)

BARON.—(*Roars.*) Mind your business, scullion! Do you suppose an honest man needs fear a little wet? Let be. (*To Hans.*) Come Hans (*speaks mockingly*), wilt have your shirt taken and dried by Elspeth? Maybe you'll catch a cold.

HANS.—(*Comes to fire.*) I'm as hot as thou, Herr Baron. The horses never flunked before—

BARON.—Ye'd have thought him a Frenchman.

DAMER.—(*Trying to win Baron's favor.*) Like the Marquis de Treville, Herr Baron?

BARON.—(*Laughs loudly.*) How know you of the Marquis de Treville, Damer?

DAMER.—(*Laughs loudly.*) I hear the Baron curse and laugh at the Marquis de Treville at breakfast, dinner and supper.

BARON.—(*Laughs.*) Well then, you would hear me do it in my sleep, if you listened. (*Hans leans across table on elbows watching Elspeth. Elspeth is engaged in setting table, and in going to and fro, pausing to say "pouf!" sometimes, and wave her fingers, trying to fascinate Hans.*) If it were not for the French fool I would not have to leave my castle in the middle of the hunting, to put on a black gown and listen to a pair of dolts talk on law. I'll revenge myself when I vote his titles and estates to a German principality. Off! (*Forces dogs down.*) There, ye have filled yourselves. Have done! Supper! (*Stamps fiercely towards great C. chair at head of table.*) Wine, ape! (*Flings tankard at Karl's head; Karl catches it.*)

KARL.—Yes, master. Now. (*Speeds to wine tun and draws wine. Returns to table and takes Hans' horn and has business at tun during conversation.*)

BARON.—Hans, to supper! Oh, a nice household for a living man! Fools and sleeping men for company! God send to me a friend who can drink as much, and eat as much, and kill as much, and curse as much as I! (*To Elspeth.*) What's wrong with thee, wench? (*Damer passes Baron with steaming roast of venison and places it on the table.*) Hast drunk vinegar?

HANS.—Nay, Baron, the place is dull for her.

BARON.—*Thou art dull, Hans Schaus. I blame her not. Here, wench, sit ye above the salt and play the fine lady for to-night. It will please thee and give the rest of us something to laugh at.*

ELSP.—And I play the fine lady I'll order ye from the room. (*Baron looks at Hans and roars with laughter.*)

BARON.—Do you hear . . ? She'd have us out. Go on, wench; maybe ye'd have us play we're the Marquis de Treville?

ELSP.—I'd give him my hand—thus—to kiss, Herr Baron. (*Business of coquettishly giving her hand to Baron to kiss. Baron looks at it and roars with laughter, and motions Hans to kiss it, which Hans does awkwardly.*)

BARON.—(*Roars with laughter.*) Do you hear, Hans? (*Stamps to seat*) Sit—and laugh—or I'll cut your throats. EAT! (*They sit. and Baron takes hunting knife from belt and cuts a chunk of venison, and is about to place it on his plate—pause.*) Eh, . . ? What's this? May a man not even sup in peace, but he must have Vienna sit upon his plate? Is it not enough to have a day's hunting spoiled? Must one be reminded of Courts and Kings and a fat fool whose judgment is warmed or cooled by his guts, and another whose judgment is not warmed at all, because he himself has grown bloodless by dieting on classic parchments? Damnation! I will not read it. (*Angrily about to throw letter on table.*)

KARL.—It came from France, Herr Baron, and it is for you NOW. (*All watch Baron eagerly and curiously.*)

BARON.—(*Pauses.*) Zounds! It must be from the ruffled Frenchman. That damned Marquis about his suit. If he ask a favor I'll burn the whole cursed De Treville estates. (*Opens letter, while all look on anxiously. Baron grows excited and apoplectic.*) Here! He will be here!

ELSP.—(*Wild with delight.*) When, Herr Baron? When?

BARON.—Wench, you're glad. Here! I say the damned pudding-face will be at the castle.

ELSP.—When—WHEN—when?

BARON.—This night. God rest his soul—I'll throttle him. Here in the castle—to disturb the—the—the calm—of a gentleman's existence. The tranquillity—the—the—

DAMER.—(*Looking on from stove with saucepan poised.*) Oh, Herr Baron, must we feed him? If so, leave him to me. I'll poison him.

BARON.—(*Falls back in chair.*) To think this plague of my life should descend upon me in my castle. A mulling, pulling—

KARL.—And he's coming—now?

ELSP.—Herr Baron, he is a Prince.

BARON.—(*Roars and strikes table.*) He is no Prince. If he be Prince, it takes me and my fellow councillors to make him so. and they be pledged, as I am, to leave him as he was born, a charlatan.

HANS.—He best not try his charlatan tricks upon the women of this country. (*Frowns.*)

BARON.—Hear ye that, Elspeth? None of your pranks with this French devil. (*Elspeth tosses her head and hurries off R., practicing the little coquettish gesture of "pouf!" as she goes.*)

DAMER.—Hear the rain, Herr Baron, hear the rain. Lord! His Highness will get such a bath as he has not known since he was born.

BARON.—In truth they say they use a deal of perfume in France—because they need it.

DAMER.—He, he, he! He'll get wet, Herr Baron.

BARON.—I'd like to pour a horn of wine down the fellow's gullet. We'd see an apoplexy. He drinks sweet stuff, like a woman. And now to house our mighty guest. What say you, Hans?

HANS.—I say, to the devil with him, Herr Baron.

DAMER.—Ho! His Highness must sleep on softest down and have a warmed and perfumed bed, and one to bathe his poor, chilled feet.

BARON.—(*Laughs uproariously.*) If I laugh, I'm none the less furious. Thou art a rogue, Damer.

DAMER.—And the trappings of his steed—

BARON.—He'll not come on postilion, fool. Speak of his equipage. Will he not be wrapped from the storm, and come reclining on silken cushions?

DAMER.—Oh, true! And he must be lifted from the carriage, and brought with care, like rotten eggs, across the moat. For I doubt if the bridge will hold the weight of all his retinue.

BARON.—(*Laughing more uproariously.*) I laugh at thy picture, in spite of myself. Come, Hans. Cannot you think of something for the comfort of the royal visitor?

HANS.—(*Dryly.*) The rat chamber is likely to be cold, Herr Baron, and he may need a warming-pan.

DAMER.—(*All near center. Damer snatches up frying-pan and waves it. Scene becomes quicker and louder.*) I can furnish it. I'll clap him between two griddles like a pudding, and he'll think himself between the sheets of some fair lady. (*Baron shouts with laughter.*)

HANS.—(*Sarcastically.*) The sheets of the bed may not be well aired, Herr Baron—

KARL.—Nought better, Hans. Did I not bring them from the back of the old rat-tailed mare, and she's been out to graze, wrapped in them blankets for full a month—NOW.

BARON.—You have almost put me in good humor with myself. We'll fill him to the neck from out that tun. When he enters, do ye clap him on the shoulder in good fellowship, Hans. Do ye pull off his boots, Karl, and—

KARL.—Ho, ho, ho! I'll pull his pipestems off, Herr Baron—NOW.

BARON.—(*Growing more excited and hilarious.*) And when you feed him, Damer—

DAMER.—I'll fill the dishpan full of kraut and heap it up. I'll say (*bowing and scraping as though to Marquis*) "Your pardon for serving so little, Royal Master, but the only dish that holds enough is being burnished at the smith's."

BARON.—(*Wild with enjoyment.*) Good! But when you do it, be sure ye all are in sober earnest. For after all he's my guest, and I would not have him know we cozened him. Untie the dogs, Hans. The sight of them will scare the man to death.

HANS.—They'll raise the dead when they scent a Frenchman; they have good loyal noses. (*Stoops to unloose dogs. Great stamping without, back; shouting. Baron starts and looks toward door. Damer down L. C. Pauses. Karl rushes off back.*)

JULIE.—(*Without, back.*) Let the horses alone, varlet! I'll mind my own horse. Take yourself off, or I'll wring your neck.

DAMER.—Who's that?

BARON.—It can be no visitor.

HANS.—(*Straightens up.*) The Marquis—

BARON.—The Frenchman? It is not he—the one without is a man.

JULIE.—(*Great crash without, back.*) Hell's fire! But I'll trounce ye. I'll introduce myself. Stand out of my way, or by Heaven—

KARL.—(*Crying without.*) Herr Baron! Master! The man will kill me! (*Damer grabs poker. Baron starts to rush toward door, back. Door flies open and Baron pauses. Enter Julie disguised as de Treville, with Marvingt dressed as serving man behind him. Julie flings Karl out of her way as she enters. Advances and claps Baron heartily on the shoulder. Baron stands back in consternation. Marvingt looks anxiously about, and then advances timidly and imitates Julie by clapping Hans*

on the shoulder. *Hans looks at Marvingt in surprise, as though a fly had hit him. Julie throws cap on table and Marvingt imitates him timidly. Marvingt's action is always a moment after Julie's, so that the imitation is obvious and funny. Julie stoops and fondles the dogs.*)

JULIE.—Ho! Baron Hochsteim! I salute you! *(To Karl.)* Hey, shut the door, idiot! Would you freeze the Baron? I care naught for myself. My page and I have seen worse nights than this and less hospitality, but the Baron— Good dogs! *(Singles out one and fondles it.)* A beauty, Baron. I'll warrant it cares not how it tears its hide so 'twill hold its feed?

BARON.—You are right, sir. *(With growing interest and good humor.)* But to whom do I—

JULIE.—*(Indifferently.)* De Treville, if you will have it so; if not, then what you please, so that it be good fellow.

BARON.—DE TREVILLE!

DAMER.—*(Nearly drops poker which he has taken in hand.)* De Treville!

HANS.—The Marquis de Treville! *(Julie pays no attention to people while they are speaking. Shakes shoulders as if to rid them of the wet. Strides to table and takes out hunting knife as Baron did, cuts off huge piece of venison, and drops meat into mouth.)*

JULIE.—*(Eating.)* As you will. If I be de Treville, then I am, too, the Marquis.

BARON.—Marquis or no Marquis, Frenchman or no Frenchman, yet thou art a brave fellow to come through all this storm and arrive in good humor. Ho! there, Karl! *(Karl comes anxiously down R., looking at Marquis.)* A dry doublet for this gentleman. *(Karl goes R. E. backward, looking at Julie, and Baron speaks apart to Julie, who is still feeding.)* My doublet may be over tight for ye, Marquis.

JULIE.—*(With mouth full.)* Eh? Thy doublet. What of thy doublet?

BARON.—Thou art wet to the skin. I would have thee dry thyself in my doublet.

JULIE.—You joke, Baron. You call this wet? A heavy dew. I like a good fit above all things. I'll keep my doublet.

BARON,—But—the cold—

JULIE.—*(Pauses in astonishment.)* Zounds, man! Would make a woman of me? Thou art hospitable, but I am too dry already. *(Looks at wine tun. Karl stops R. E. and stands looking on with mouth wide open. Damer and Hans reflect the action between de Treville and Baron and are apart, appearing to be occupied near stove; Hans with the dogs and Damer with the cooking.)*

BARON.—*(Laughs loud and delightedly. Slaps Marquis fiercely on shoulder and Marquis nearly reels, but manfully stands up to it and continues to eat. Jean shows horror, and then hurriedly pretends to eat upon receiving a warning look from Marquis.)* I love thee, man. Thou art made in my own image. *(To Damer.)* Remove the plates. The Marquis and I dine alone. Where's the wench, Elspeth, to help thee? *(Hans, Damer and Karl start quickly to remove the extra plates. Marvingt comes down L. to fire, and sidles off, afraid of dogs.)*

JULIE.—(*Pauses in eating and tries to understand action.*)
There—there—what would you?

BARON.—We will dine alone—

JULIE.—(*Hurls platter at Karl's head. Platter misses by several yards.*) A man throws like a woman when he's hungry. Leave the plates. (*Comes to Baron, who is down C.*) What, may I not sit at table as one of them? I do not care if thou call me Marquis, or de Treville; or Devil; but I pray you seat me not alone, like a scolded school-girl.

DAMER.—Oh, he's a Prince!

BARON.—(*Aside.*) I begin to think it. Come, we will sup together. All. Where's Elspeth? (*Door opens and Elspeth enters, greatly togged out. Marvingt beside the fire. As Julie turns R. and toward the table, she starts back at sight of Elspeth and laughs.*)

JULIE.—Ah, your daughter?

BARON.—Nay, none of my daughters have fathers. The wench can make a bed, that's all.

JULIE.—(*Elspeth courtesies.*) Lord! I feared she was here to lie in it.

ELSP.—(*Hans starts forward and regards her frowningly.*)
If your Highness—

JULIE.—(*Laughs loudly.*) Highness! The Baron will tell you better. There (*indicates Marvingt*), talk with my page. He is the kind who shivers. Go warm him. He will thank you. (*Laughs and turns towards table. Baron laughs loudly, and Hans moves uneasily and frowns. Marvingt scared to death.*)

MARVINGT.—Master, I am as fond of petticoats as thou.

JULIE.—Then ye hate them, boy. Make love to that one, that the rest of us may sup in peace.

HANS.—Nay, I'll look after the maid.

JULIE.—What's this? Jealousy? (*Laughs gaily.*) Dost stand for the best man, Baron? Have at him, Jean.

MARVINGT.—(*In panic.*) I care not if he swallows the girl.

JULIE.—(*Baron comes down laughing and amused, but a little alarmed, and Hans shows surprise, but puts hand on hilt of hunting knife.*) I know that, but wilt let the fellow walk off with what you do not want simply because you do not want it? Ye argue like a woman, but if ye fight like one, I'll—

HANS.—Come on! I'll teach ye—

JULIE.—Nay, he has ye at odds. Jean carries a sword, ye a short knife. (*Hans sword to Hans, who handles it awkwardly.*) Take my sword, good fellow. Now go—

BARON.—(*C. laughing at play.*) Nay, nay, guest. I like thy joke, but Hans knows naught of a sword. (*Marvingt stands shivering, with sword in hand.*)

HANS.—Neither do I. But come on. (*To Marvingt.*) I'll slice ye as if ye were a capon.

MARVINGT.—(*Retreating behind Marquis.*) Oh, mercy! Marquis, wouldst have me—

JULIE.—(*Shouting with laughter, snatches sword from Jean and faces Hans. Speaks to Jean across shoulder.*) I'll lay the sword across thy back when I have finished off this good fellow,

and not to knight thee, either. (*Makes a bold pass at Hans, who cools down a little.*)

BARON.—Hold! I say he knows naught of sword play, Marquis, and if he did, could I see him run my guest through?

JULIE.—(*Makes pass and laughs gaily.*) Fear not for that. When I have finished off this—er—quarrelsome fellow—I'll sup with thee, while the girl binds up his wounds.

BARON.—Lord! Marquis, stop if you love me. He is a good fellow. He would not quarrel with thee. (*Julie pauses, but all the time looks at Hans with mock fierceness, and then laughs with Baron.*) Down, Hans, and beg the Prince's—er—Marquis's pardon. (*Playfully forces him to his knees. Julie instantly holds out hand and brings Hans to his feet again.*)

JULIE.—No, no! If you will not let me fight him, you may not put him at my feet. It is one thing to kill a man, quite another to make him humble. (*To Hans; hand on shoulder.*) Eh? Thou wilt not be humbled fellow? Say no, and we'll to supper.

HANS.—Thou art a Prince, Master.

JULIE.—(*Gaily.*) I would that you and this fine fellow (*cracks Damer on the shoulder*) were the august councillors that shall settle this matter. I'd risk my name and my estate with you. But to serious affairs—the venison.

BARON.—Come, all of ye.

HANS.—Nay, not I. The Marquis's horse shall sup before me, like a Prince. (*Exits hastily, back.*)

DAMER.—And I go to warm the Marquis's bed. (*Exits hurriedly, R. I.*)

BARON.—Eh? Well then, Elspeth can play at lady.

JULIE.—(*Elspeth comes from fire, where she has been trying to ogle Jean.*) Eh?

ELSPETH.—(*Flirting with Julie.*) I present my hand, thus, your Highness— (*Presents hand for Julie to kiss. Julie looks at it doubtfully, and then very precisely and seriously and mockingly takes it, and calls:*)—"Jean, here!" (*Marvingt comes forward docilely. Baron stands watching with simple interest.*) Kiss this maiden's hand for me— (*Carefully places Elspeth's hand in Marvingt's and stands back to watch with deliberation. Elspeth snatches hand away with indignation. Others surprised.*)

ELSPETH.—He sha'nt.

JULIE.—(*Mock surprise.*) Eh? My dear, a gentleman carries a servant to do his work, and bear his sins. (*All burst out laughing.*)

BARON.—I'm fit to die of joy. A man after my own heart, sent to cheer me in my solitude. Sit, girl, and Jean will tend ye. (*Laughs. Baron is about to cut venison. Julie watches hungrily and draws hunting-knife, like Baron. Marvingt watches Julie every moment, and does in all respects as she does. This mimicry should always come just after Julie's action so that it may be obvious and ludicrous. All during the scene Marvingt evinces anxiety and irritability at Elspeth's manœuvring. Baron pauses suddenly in act of cutting off meat—*) Hey! My Lord! The man who eats venison should be able to kill it—do you hunt? (*Frowns.*)

JULIE.—Hunt! Thy doubt insults me no less than did Herr Witthold's assumption that I knew Latin. Do I hunt? Am I a man? Ask me in good faith if I will drink with thee.

BARON.—(*Speaks excitedly; throws drinking horns to Karl.*) What! ye have seen Herr Witthold?

JULIE.—Aye, and he has seen me. (*Karl returns with horn.*) But drink—then I will tell thee.

BARON.—(*Hastily drinks and throws horn on table. Marquis turns slightly down stage and unnoticed tosses wine under the table on left side.*) Quick! I could die of laughter. Thou hast seen Witthold, and he has seen thee? (*Laughs hysterically.*) Thy suit! Oh Lord! I split.

JULIE.—(*As if indignant.*) What should an honest man do but go in his best estate and say: "I am a Prince, sir, and have estates—they are at your disposal. Give them to me! They are mine!"

BARON.—O Lord! (*Laughing.*) And then?

JULIE.—He said: "Dost thou know Ovid?"—Ovid? To the Devil with Ovid! Tell Ovid to give me my titles and estates!" And then I thought him dead with horror.

BARON.—(*Holding his sides with laughter.*) Aye—aye—go on.

JULIE.—"Ovid," said he, "Ovid, he is dead! He was a poet." "A poet," said I, "I thought him a German councillor." (*Confidentially to Baron.*) And I was wrong. He was a poet—and he is dead. (*Baron rolls in chair and wipes his eyes.*)

BARON.—And then—?

JULIE.—He lay back as one dead—as Ovid, and then sat upright and looked at me. And then he lifted up his long and stringy arm and pointed my way out. He wheezed and spluttered. "The man knows not Ovid, and yet would be a Prince." He spoke as if in a dream, and since I thought him mad I said good-bye to titles and estates and went hence. Wine—I crack, I starve with thirst. (*Marvingt starts up excitedly.*)

MARVINGT.—Mademoiselle—!

JULIE.—(*Baron starts and looks at Marvingt and Julie.*) Call her Princess, fellow. Keep the oaf busy, girl. (*Nodding and flirting surreptitiously with Elspeth, who is delighted. Throws a kiss at her.*) Keep the boy busy, else he'll hurt himself and thee. I'm not as I seem; please my page and ye'll please me—and I promise thee no harm shall come to thy virtue. (*Baron laughs boisterously and calls Karl, who has snatched the horns and is filling them.*)

BARON.—Haste—

KARL.—Yes, master—NOW.

ELSPETH.—Oh, your Highness—

JULIE.—Keep him busy, girl. I'm admiring thee. (*Karl comes with the horns. Julie snatches his and winks at the Baron, and turns to Elspeth.*) Ah! I can drink with relish to another man's mistress—nothing follows it except more wine. (*Marvingt rises and puts up hands with protestation. Julie laughs loudly and points her finger at Marvingt, which causes Baron to attend to Marvingt, and while Baron is not looking, Julie dumps wine into pocket. Throws horn on table while Baron is only about to drink. Baron looks at her in amazement.*) Another! I've not the flavor yet, and then to table.

BARON.—And thou art a Frenchman—by my—

JULIE.—(*Excitedly drawing sword.*) Eh? I am a Frenchman, Monsieur, what then?

BARON.—What then? Why then I wish most Germans were like Frenchmen. (*Julie puts up sword.*) Aye—put up thy sword. We will not quarrel over loyalty. Karl—rascal. Ye are too slow. (*Goes to tun.*) I'll draw for thee myself, friend.

MARVINGT.—Marquis!

JULIE.—(*Frowns at Marvingt to silence her, and speaks to Elspeth.*) Wake, girl. What expect you from a Prince if you cannot even amuse his page? (*Baron returns from tun.*)

ELSP.—(*To Marvingt, as she sinks back as if dazed and helpless and watches Julie.*) Come, drink to me, ye churl. (*Coquettes with her, and Marvingt edges off.*)

BARON.—(*As Julie takes horn to drink.*) Hold—together, friend. (*Marvingt and Elspeth move off to fire, Marvingt trying to get away from Elspeth.*) This shall be to thy fortune.

JULIE.—(*Suddenly pauses.*) Nay—to the Devil with my fortune. Since to win my rights I found I must talk Latin like a fool and scholar, and live on milk like a babe at the breast. (*About to drink.*)

BARON.—(*Lowering horn.*) Ah, did you see Eisner, then? (*About to laugh.*)

JULIE.—Nay, his wife? They told me the Councillor Eisner was in an apoplexy from a Strasbourg pasty, but his good frau—

BARON.—The frau Johanna— (*Laughing wildly.*) Go on. Ye said to her—

JULIE.—“My rights are thus and so, and damn me, Madam, I'll have 'em.”

BARON.—Oh, oh, oh, oh! And the good woman—?

MARVINGT.—(*Speaks in amazement and indignantly.*) Ye saw them not, Marquis. Ye saw no woman—

JULIE.—Fool! I see much while ye are asleep. Hold your tongue. (*To Baron.*) The woman fainted. She said O-o-o-o—and went down like a dizzy peg-top. Faith! The woman's mad.

BARON.—Johanna to the life. I'd swear ye saw her. Then ye came to try your fate with me?

JULIE.—Nay. If a scholar and a woman have no justice, what expect of fellows like you and me? So—come—drink—and to table.

BARON.—(*Throwing arm around Marquis.*) Aye. Confusion to Herr Witthold and his damned mouldiness! Confusion to Johanna's virtue! I'm pledged to the Province, as are we all. I may not serve thee, but I may love thee, and get drunk with thee, and have thee for my guest. Zounds! The State is not made of such as Witthold and Johanna. Drink! (*As Baron is about to drink Julie suddenly points to Marvingt and cries out, thus distracting the Baron's attention. Baron turns and looks at Marvingt and Elspeth at fire, and Marquis turns wine into other pocket and throws horn on table with great rattle, while Baron is still looking at fire. Baron starts at rattle of horn and looks around.*) Ah, thou canst empty a horn, man!

JULIE.—I was born to it. The fool was half asleep and falling into the fire. (*Referring to Marvingt.*)

BARON.—(*Putting hand to head as if feeling the wine, and then looking in surprise at Marquis, who stands erect and smiling.*) Ha! Let no man best me at drinking of my own wine. Another, rascal. (*Snatches Julie's horn and tosses both to Karl again. Jean rises in excitement.*)

MARVINGT.—Marquis, you shall drink no more.

JULIE.—(*Fiercely.*) What, minion! I'll carve thee. (*Starts with hand on sword toward Marvingt, who subsides frightened.*)

MARVINGT.—Oh, Lord! Put the thing away—thou wilt cut somebody, yet. (*Baron and Julie look at each other and burst out laughing.*)

BARON.—Why, thou hast a very woman to serve thee.

MARVINGT.—(*Excitedly.*) How did you know th—

JULIE.—(*Rushes at Marvingt.*) I'll spit thee. (*Marvingt runs to fire, Julie to Baron.*) The lad plagues out my life. He's as white livered as a cat. He's a damned lazy, bloodless vagabond. (*At each denunciation Marvingt raises hands in protest.*)

MARVINGT.—My bird—my bird—

JULIE.—(*To Elspeth.*) At last thy coquetries have won him, or else he thinks ye will protect him. (*Elspeth runs down to stove and plagues Marvingt with endearments and caresses.*)

BARON.—(*Getting slightly drunk, snatches wine from Karl.*) Then here's again: "Confusion to our friends, the Councillors." May I be hanged if I ever vote with them again. (*Julie looks at Baron, hesitates and laughs slightly as he brushes hand across forehead.*)

JULIE.—Faith—I believe—

BARON.—Thou dost feel my wine—Nay—(*Boisterous laughter.*) I'd give my very stomach if I were not pledged against thee, lad.

JULIE.—(*Plunging hand into pocket thoughtlessly discovers wine. Bus.*) Art thou?

BARON.—(*Frowning.*) Aye—the three of us are pledged to the Province to vote the German interest.

JULIE.—Lord! The State may have its interest if it gives me my principle—but to the Devil with business. I care no more than that for the title, so long as thou call me good fellow. (*Eating and drinking.*)

BARON.—Thank God ye care not, else it had touched me sadly, friend. Thou art my guest.

JULIE.—Aye, uninvited.

BARON.—True; but I did not know thee. (*Julie again thrusts hand into other pocket. Bus.*)

JULIE.—(*Sententiously and eating absordedly.*)—Ye know me now. Let us eat. We hunt to-morrow?

BARON.—That we do. One fair day, and I'm off to Vienna to work thee harm.

JULIE.—Forget it, and care naught, as I do. Death to care! (*Rises swaggeringly and tosses horn to Karl.*) If ye can drink no more, put it in thy pocket, Baron.

BARON.—(*Rises and tosses horn to Karl in same fashion.*) Drink! I'll put it in my gullet like thee, lad. I'm glad thou dost not care. (*Karl approaches with wine.*)

JULIE.—(*Half reeling and laughing.*) I' faith, I feel your wine—

BARON.—Good! Had ye drunk me down, I'd hang thee as well as rob thee. (*As Julie takes horn from Baron she suddenly points to Elspeth at fire.*)

JULIE.—The girl's half asleep. Let's have done with her.

BARON.—(*As he calls to Elspeth Julie empties wine down doublet. Bus.*) Aye, girl, to bed. It is time for women and children to sleep. (*Elspeth rises sleepily and goes R. I., looking at Julie, who throws open door for her, and laughs, while Baron leans on table. Elspeth makes coquettish gesture and says:*) Pouf! (*Elspeth exits.*)

JULIE.—(*Julie starts toward table intoxicatedly, while Baron is watching her.*) I—I feel the stuff here. (*Hand to head.*) But if—(*lurches toward table*) ye can still drink with me, friend, more rhenish—if ye cannot—

BARON.—(*Watching Julie amusedly.*) Here, Karl, another. (*Karl goes to tun. Julie reels into chair, assuming great intoxication.*)

JULIE.—I spoke too soon, Baron—your wine—

BARON.—Thou shalt not lie down. Come, drink for drink, and if thou canst not stick a pig to-morrow, I'll pray God forgive me that I housed you to-night.

JULIE.—(*Protesting foolishly.*) Nay—nay—Baron—hic.

BARON.—(*Taking wine from Karl and giving to Julie.*) Death to Ovid and gluttonous Councillors—and their virtuous wives. (*Julie wildly waves horn and spills wine on the floor.*)

JULIE.—I—might—have—passed thy wine—but not thy toast. Death—death—death—(*Tipsily starts to drink. Discovers wine spilled and thrown down horn with a drunken laugh. Drunkenly sings:*)—"Of all the good fellows"—hic—(*Baron joins him in a line of song. Julie suddenly pauses and drops head on elbow on table.*) I care not—(*Sings*) "Of all the good fellows"—Eat, drink—forget—hic—my name—my fame—to the dogs—what, man—must I laugh at my own funeral? (*Seems to awaken.*) Eh?—What said I—? (*Laughs.*) Nay, believe me not—I dreamed. I care naught, man—I care naught.

BARON.—(*Concerned.*) I' faith the poor fellow thinks upon his suit. It is hard a man may not prove his name, but go about the world a vagabond. I'll warrant he—

JULIE.—(*Sings.*) Who cares, not I. Do I not drink—do I not eat—do I not kill—do I not make love—to prove I do not care? What if a man may not prove he is a gentleman, and go a begging vagabond all his days—hic—(*Sings.*)

BARON.—The lad uses himself thus to drown his troubles. (*Rises excitedly.*) Damn me! He is a Prince—I'll swear it. Would I were not pledged!

JULIE.—More—more—'tis the best comfort I've met in all my life—and I've sought for one since I woke a vagabond without a name. The Baron's wine—'tis as good as his vote, I'll swear.

BARON. (*Stands apart and back watching her. Sudden thought. Speaks excitedly.*) What—he is my guest. One may not ill-treat a guest. (*Pauses.*) I'm pledged—but so are the other two—and, after all, the major vote decides his fate.

(*Pauses.*) Mine would not be missed—none would know which cast it. (*Sudden determination.*)

JULIE.—What, must a man repine and die—because—hic—because he cannot prove his rights he learned at his mother's knee? 'Tis too long ago. Eat, drink, for— (*Sings. Seems to lapse into stupor. Baron comes down and looks at her.*)

BARON.—I'll stand by thee—and what thou learned of thy good name at thy mother's knee—it cannot serve thee much—the other two will kill thy hope—but thou art my guest. I'll—I'll cast my vote for thee. Thou shalt know one of the damned trio believed thy evidence—I do, 'by Heaven. I'll stand for thee. 'Twill only be one vote. (*Shakes Julie. Marvint has fallen asleep by the fire.*) Come, lad, 'tis late. Thou wilt hunt with me to-morrow, 'tis late. (*Tries to rouse her. Julie sings.*)

BARON.—I would I had a better chamber for thee, lad.

JULIE.—What—a perfumed pillow and sil—hic—ken sheet—hic. (*Reels to fire and kicks saddle before it, nearly falling.*) A royal bed, a royal room. A—hic—soldier—a hic—to dream— (*Laughs half pathetically.*) to dream. (*He falls upon floor by fire.*) I am—a Prince. Ha—ha—ha—(*Sobs.*)

BARON.—(*Stands over her a moment, then draws cloak over her going up to Karl.*) Put out the lights, boy. (*Karl puts out lights. Baron C. Karl goes back sleepily. Marvint by fire, U., asleep.*)

JULIE.—(*Muttering.*) To dream I am a Prince.

BARON.—I would that I could make thee one. (*Goes to entrance R. Turns and glances laughingly at Julie.*) Unless thou canst not hunt. Shoot straight on the morrow, or I'll have none of thee. (*Exits R. As Baron exits Julie slowly rises on elbow with eagerness and excitement. Marvint starts forward fully awake.*)

JULIE.—(*Raises hilt of knife, which is in form of a cross, and kisses it.*) Now, may all the saints teach me to kill a boar before morning.

MARVINT.—Lord! Julie—lady—thy lies were most awful—thou hast not seen the Latin councillor—nor the frau Johanna—nor the—

JULIE.—(*Sitting up and looking at Marvint interestedly.*) Nay, but what is that to the case? Am I not making my Lord a Prince? The Baron hates the other two, and the other two hate each other. By railing at two I am certain to please one. And did thou not hear me stand for my country—and my Lord's—?

MARVINT.—In truth thou didst frighten him well—he thought to be run through with thy sword. I could have taken thee in my arms for that—but—Julie—thou saidst some wicked things about me.

JULIE.—What! Thou cared? Shame on thee, Marvint—am I not making the Marquis a Prince? What matter what I call thee? I am ashamed of thee.

MARVINT.—Aye, lady—But it is not I who am in love with thee—(*Great shouting and stamping without. Both women stop and look at the door, back, and then at each other. Julie motions Marvint to silence.*)

JULIE.—Hush—sleep—sleep—look to thyself. Whatever comes do thou as I do. Sleep. (*Dodges down on saddle, while*

Marvingt assumes attitude of sleep. Noise becomes greater. Enter Karl 2d ent. R., with torch and in night-cap, followed by Hans. Crosses stage back.)

HANS.—By all the fiends !

KARL.—Aye—'tis midnight—now. (*Looks at back.*)

HANS.—Well—well—we come. (*Baron looks in R. 2, half undressed.*)

BARON.—Hello there ! Damn the dogs ! (*Dogs bark. Karl undoes door. Hans behind Karl. Herr Witthold stands in doorway wet and forlorn, with a servant behind him. Witthold is a very small, wizened man. He wears upon his head, first, a pair of ear-muffs of fur, which are attached together over a bald head with elastic. On top of these he wears an elastic black wool cap, which fits snugly behind over his head and ears. Upon this he wears an immense fur cap, which makes his face very small and his head immense, until he removes the cap. Upon his body he wears, first, his ordinary black clothing, then a sort of top coat, then a great fur-lined ulster, and on that an immense fur cape. This gives him the appearance of being an immense man until the things are removed, whereupon he looks to weigh about 100 pounds, wrinkled, etc. He wears on his feet his shoes, then close wool stockings drawn to his shoe-tops, then fur-lined overshoes, making his feet large and unwieldy. Exaggerate this suggestion as much as will answer with an audience. Servant carries rugs and shawls and looks overburdened. Servant and Witthold stand in entrance while Hans and Karl step back in amazement so Baron can see them. Karl holds torch high above his head.*)

BARON.—God's life ! Herr Witthold ! (*De Treville starts up as if electrified, then quickly dodges down again unperceived, and assumes sleep.*)

WITTHOLD.—(*Assuming great cold and exhaustion. In the name of Pluvius—let me get to a fire. (To servant.) These rugs—my feet—I'm perished. Baron Hochstein—your hospitality. (Comes to fire, while Baron Hans and Karl look paralyzed.*)

KARL.—(*Looking stupidly at Baron.*) Yes—he's cold—N-O-W.

BARON.—(*Galvanically.*) Lord, yes—to the fire—I'd warm the Latin poets on such a night as this. Man, from where did you come ?

WITTHOLD.—I am this moment from Vienna—that vulgar place of nobles who know not their mother tongue, let alone—

BARON.—God save you man ! The Court's a fool, but 'tis thine own—so speak well of it. Get off thy riggings—if ye are pleased to stay so long as the time 'twill take. (*Walks curiously round Herr Witthold. Servant begins to remove Witthold's headgear. The action of undressing takes place during the dialogue and should be made to nearly cover it. The Baron stands in amazement watching, and sometimes takes hold of the end of a tippet to assist, which he does gingerly, as if bewildered.*)

WITTHOLD.—In these base days, if one could escape the horrors of the modern vulgar man. (*Stumbles over Julie and recoils. Baron starts forward with a gesture of warning and a manner of protection to Julie.*)

BARON.—Aye—no modern vulgarian can match the ancients, I'll grant thee that. But, God's life, man—be vulgar enough to

warm thyself at my modern fire, and not trample on my vulgar friend. (*Stoops tenderly over Julie and takes her by the shoulder. Servant removes Witthold's top coat, and Hans stands by with hands in pockets looking amused. Karl peers at Witthold.*)

KARL.—There's his head—N-O-W—.

WITTHOLD. (*Aside.*)—The companions of his night's debauch. (*Holds out arms stiffly as servant removes clothing. Karl slyly pokes him from behind, as if to see what he is like. Baron observes action.*)

BARON.—(*Gruffly.*) Off with ye. To bed, Hans! (*Hans laughs cynically, and goes out R. 2. Karl crosses all of the time, looking back. Speaks at door.*)

KARL.—(*As top coat is removed.*) He's opened—N-O-W. (*Exit R. 2.*)

WITTHOLD.—(*Aloud.*) The stench of modern wickedness in the nostrils— (*Stumbles over Marvingt and recoils in horror. Baron starts up angrily.*)

BARON.—Zounds, man! He who can stand the stinking morals of a dead Roman has lost his sense of smell for modern rottenness. Fall not over my guests, I warn thee—they have traveled far. (*Aside to Julie.*) Arouse thee, friend. (*Still leaning over Julie and often looking up at Witthold, who is having a rug put about his shoulders after cloak is removed. The wraps are in a ludicrous heap by the settle.*)—They have traveled far and as men should,—not in chaises.

WITTHOLD.—Well—well—I must endure thy hospitality for a night. (*Baron rises from Julie and stares at Witthold in amazement.*)

BARON.—Lord, but the ancients taught little of politeness friend.

WITTHOLD.—But I need not tax thy company. (*Takes dispatch from pouch and holds it toward Baron, who withdraws from it.*)

BARON.—Nay—sit ye—(*Motions away paper.*) I will give thee a bed, brother councillor—but hang me if I'll read thy manuscripts. (*Anxiously bends again over Julie and shakes her.*) Rouse thee, my son. (*Aside.*) I may not serve thee overmuch, but I would not have this fellow see thee in thy cups—rouse thee!

WITT.—(*Holding out paper and smiling sarcastically.*) You read my manuscripts—pouf! Learn first to read German, friend. I bring thee dispatches from Vienna—whither you must go this night. (*Baron suddenly rises from Julie and stares at Witthold.*) Aye—this night, Baron Hochsteim. I volunteered to stop on my way since the matter is urgent. You are needed in Vienna, as fast as horses can convey thee. (*Turns to fire with malicious satisfaction.*) I'm sorry for thee—the night is bad—(*sits and rubs hands with satisfaction while servant attacks his feet, which Witthold sticks out conspicuously.*)

BARON.—(*Roars.*) I to Vienna!—this night! (*Roar of storm without.*) You here by my honest, plain, good-natured, modern fire—to warm your shins! and—(*pauses in inability to speak for wrath.*) Now may the fiends—

WITT.—(*Furred overshoes removed.*) It's a foul, inclement night—

BARON.—(*Roars.*) It's a damned fiendish night—

WITT.—(*Not noticing Baron's rage.*) But since French adventurers are filled with ambitions to become Princes, good German councillors must work together for their defeat. (*Slightly kicks Julie with toe surreptitiously.*)

BARON.—(*Guarding Julie.*) Have a care. Keep your large and classic feet within bounds. So it is on this business of the Marquis I am called?

WITT.—(*With complacency.*) Upon the business of this charlatan.

BARON.—If aught could tempt me to do my duty on a night like this, it is this business.

WITT.—(*Servant begins to remove his woolen outside stockings.*) I commend thy zeal, councillor. Go! Finish the undoing of the barbarian.

BARON.—(*Bewildered.*) But I understand it not. We three men are pledged to vote against him and for the province of Wurtemberg; what more is wanted of me in Vienna till the time comes to mulct this poor fellow and vote him an impostor—?

WITT.—What! What! "Mulct him?" "Poor fellow?" This is treason, Baron Hochsteim. Who more ready than thou to throw out the claim a month ago? Have a care, Baron, that your recall to Vienna does not so disturb you that you turn traitor.

BARON.—(*Scene becomes quicker and Baron more excited.*) Traitor! I tell you the misuse of this gallant fellow is infamous. Traitor! Have a care, Herr Witthold, how you use the term to a loyal German. I am no traitor to wish fair play. I tell you we do wrong when we cheat this gallant gentleman.

WITT.—You are mad, councillor! A vulgar, brawling, lecherous cheat.

BARON.—I tell you—

WITT.—I say he *is*. Your word is given. What, defend a man who knows not a scholar from a tapster, or a fastidious man from a follower of bawds? I counsel you to say no more lest your voice be heard in Vienna. (*Relapses into righteous silence.*)

BARON.—(*Angrily, aside.*) Right! My defence would do more harm than my enmity, with such as you. (*To Julie.*) Come, dear lad. Rouse thee, I say. God's life! It is hard that I may not serve thee. One vote shall be cast for thee. Thou must lose—but shall not stand alone. (*Getting Julie up—Julie acts drunken. Baron keeps between Julie and Witthold, who speaks aside to servant who puts robe about his feet.*)

JULIE.—(*Assuming drunkenness.*) Hic—Baron, I think—

BARON.—Think not, lad—think not. An honest man may not think—when men of learning are about. Think not—get thee to bed. (*At door with Julie. Looks back at Witthold and speaks angrily and loud.*) If ye were not alone—here in the forest—and in my castle—I'd carve thee for that word about loyalty, councillor. (*Calls off.*) Hans, get me a horse—I'm off for Vienna.

HANS.—(*Without R.*) Aye, Baron. (*Exit Baron, and Hans enters R. 2d past him, and then goes up and looks out back, while door closes behind Baron.*)

WITT.—(*Looks anxiously at servant.*) I'd sooner rest me in a den of thieves.

SERVANT.—I do not blame thee, Master Witthold. Didst hear his words as he left the room?

WITT.—Aye—(*Looks fearfully about.*) The words of a wicked man and a barbarian.

SERVANT.—I seem to feel a horror in my very bones, Herr Witthold. Dost think the place quite safe?

WITT.—(*Starting anxiously and trying to appear unconcerned.*)—Aye—aye—'tis vulgar, but I doubt not safe enough. The Baron's councillor of state—but such villainy as this—(*Slyly pokes Marvingt with toe.*) No matter—the Baron himself—will presently be gone, then we may take our ease. Pugh! It smells of beer.

SERVANT.—(*Looking covertly about.*) It is a cold night, Master—and I doubt not we might find—

WITT.—Have I not taught thee to abhor such rottenness. The inebriety of—

SERVANT.—Aye, Master, but there was Bacchus—

WITT.—Bacchus was a god. When mortal man gets drunk—it's different. Warm thyself at the fire. (*Conversation carried on in a low and apprehensive tone.*)

BARON.—(*Shouting from without.*) Hans, my horse! (*Enters R. prepared for riding.*) Art warm, councillor? There is to drink. (*Motioning to tun.*) Say not I am a churl in hospitality, and I am not scholar enough to treat my guest with rudeness. I'm off. Warm thyself—only do not disturb my guest or his servant. Both are tired. (*Looks at Marvingt.*) Poor fellow. (*Enter Hans, back.*) Hans, look to the comfort of this spent fellow. See thou that my guest above is well. Councillor, we have no chamber for thee—I trust the fire will do thee good. (*Exits angrily back. Hans calls after him.*)

HANS.—May I not help thee, Master?

BARON.—(*From without.*) Get thee to bed.

HANS.—Aye, Master. (*Goes to fire and stirs it, looking moodily at men. Goes to Marvingt and shakes her. Unable to rouse her.*) Well, sleep there. If they trouble thee, slit their throats. (*Scowls at Witthold, who is frowning at him. Servant overhears Hans and starts. Exit Hans R. Servant starts up.*)

SERVANT.—Master Witthold! I heard the fellow threaten—It is a strange place—

WITT.—(*Irritably.*) What dost thou mean? There's naught to harm us, man.

SER.—No, but I'm glad I'm not alone. There are strange things said of the Baron, are there not?

WITT.—(*Pointing to Marvingt.*) S-s-h! Aye—but though he is innocent, he is of noble ancestry, and—stop thy croaking—cut-throats are not of such as he—I think. He is vulgar—(*Something falls outside, and both men start as though overcome with fear.*) Eh? What was I saying?

SER.—The storm grows, Master. I wish we were on the road—
—a—

WITT.—Fool—in the storm—what is to fear? (*Door slowly opens, and Julie stands in entrance R. in black gown and pale face, with finger on lips. Servant sees her over Witthold's shoulder. Witthold sees Servant's look of horror and turns as if appalled with fear, half rising.*)

JULIE.—Hush! Guard thy very breath— (*Points to Marvingt, then comes cautiously to fire.*)

WITT.—What mean you? (*Servant greatly agitated draws near to Witthold.*)

JULIE.—Fly—I warn thee—thy precious life—

WITT.—I do not understand thee, friend. Speak! (*Julie staring at Witthold as if in a trance.*)

JULIE.—I forget to protect thee in beholding thee. Thy name is Witthold—the great scholar—Fly!

WITT.—Aye—I am a great scholar—but—

JULIE.—(*Pointing to Marvingt.*) Hush! Not so loud. There lies one of the cut-throats in drunken sleep.

WITT.—Why man—who would think—

JULIE.—I would save thee if I could. (*Suddenly throws herself at Witthold's feet in paroxysm of passion. Indicates real feeling, since so much is at stake.*) Master—since my childhood I have learned of thee from thy great books—of thy great wisdom. I am poor and weak, yet plead with thee for that which means my life.

WITT.—(*Looks anxiously around.*) Yes—yes—speak. What great thing would you have of me?

JULIE.—(*Long pause. Julie overcome with the situation. Speaks in changed tone. Suppressed passion instead of excitement as before.*) I ask—(*long pause*) to save thy life.

WITT.—My life in danger—here—in the Baron Hochstein's castle? I cannot believe—

SER.—(*Frightened.*) Believe, master—believe— (*Marvingt makes a rough sound and rolls over in her sleep. Witthold looks slightly apprehensive. Julie starts.*)

JULIE.—Great master—I must tell thee to convince thee. Listen, and have a care of the fellow at thy feet. I sought this Baron's hospitality at dusk. He granted me a place at his fire and then withdrew. His manner pleased me not, but I knew him for a vulgar man (*Witthold signifies assent*) and no scholar. I sat me here—as you sit—by the fire. There was no living creature near. I fell to musing upon the—the glories of an ancient time—when—on a sudden—I heard a sound to chill the blood and cause a dead heart to beat. There—above (*pointing above*), I heard a rush of feet, a fall, a mighty groan, as if a heart had been plucked out. I stopped my ears with horror. But presently there fell upon my sense a muffled sound, as if soft flesh were beat.

WITT.—Horrible!

JULIE.—Then all was still. The Baron descended and passed without. The moans above grew faint, and I, all a sweat with horror, crept stealthily above. And there—upon the floor—my eyes beheld a sight to make a soldier blanch. I saw—

WITT.—You saw—?

JULIE.—I saw—tied to a post—obit— (*Pause. Suddenly Witthold looks up in surprise, which slightly banishes his appearance of horror.*)

WITT.—Post obit—

JULIE.—(*Impassively.*) Tied to a post—obit—a wretch with flesh so torn 'twould make assassins weep.

WITT.—Jupiter !

JULIE.—(*Aside.*) God, put some Latin on my tongue.

SER.—Master—Master—my blood freezes—

JULIE.—There lay the girl—

WITT.—A female—?

JULIE.—Aye—there lay the girl—sic—sic—transit gloria—mundi— (*Pauses. Looks straight ahead, and suddenly eyes Witthold, who looks puzzled, and then half nods, as if there must be some hidden meaning in the words.*) A piteous sight, her flesh a mass of wounds. Ich dien—and honi soit que mal y pense. (*Sudden and tragic ending, as Marvingt rolls over again with a dreadful sound, and Witthold starts and seems bewildered, confused and frightened.*)

SER.—(*Witthold starts getting wraps together in great alarm, while Julie assists.*) Haste—haste ! In the name of—!

JULIE.—The Marquis de Treville. (*Stands face front, awaiting effect upon Witthold. Witthold starts and looks in bewilderment at Julie.*)

WITT.—(*Turns in amazement and stares at her.*) What—what—thy name—the Marquis de Treville ?

JULIE.—(*Hurriedly turns and takes scarf to wrap Witthold.*) Thy tippet— (*Tries to wind it about Witthold.*)

WITT.—(*More amazed.*) De Treville ? The Marquis de Treville ? I will not believe it.

JULIE.—It is no great matter, great Master—only let me save thee.

WITT.—(*Mechanically trying to help himself, pausing now and then to look at Julie.*) De Treville ? Thou ? The French trifler, the shameless cheat and fool who scoffs at learning—Thou ?

JULIE.—(*Breathlessly.*) What thou wilt—so that I save thy life.

SER.—Haste, Master—this good young man is an angel, be he French or German.

WITT.—He—the French scoundrel ! Ah, youth, thou hast wrenched my shoulder. (*Julie has been putting on sleeve of his coat, and at the words "French scoundrel" has wrenched Witthold involuntarily.*)

JULIE.—Forgive—I'm awkward (*pause*) for fear of thy life.

WITT.—This youth—this gentle fellow—a French cheat—

JULIE.—(*Sudden gesture of abandon, aside, turning front.*) And now, my Lord, forgive me all that I do in thy dear name ! (*Turns wildly to Witthold. Speaks with burst of passion.*) I blame thee not. If my countrymen are as abhorred by thee as by me—I blame thee not for hating me. Haste—only haste.

WITT.—But to leave thee in such cut-throat hands—

JULIE.—I HAVE NAUGHT TO LOSE.

WITT.—(*Suddenly pauses and regards Julie.*) Thou shalt have—if I leave this place alive—so far as one man can serve thee. Thou hast saved my life—

JULIE.—I ask naught. Haste—haste—

WITT.—(*Being urged off by servant, while Julie stands with clasped hands trying to control herself.*) I WILL REMEMBER

THEE. I will remember thee, lad, though I cannot save thee—for this service to-night—and because thou art not what I thought.

SER.—(*Getting Withhold to door, back. Julie still facing front.*) Go, go, Master.

JULIE.—Go—THY LIFE IS DEARER TO ME THIS NIGHT THAN MY OWN BLOOD. (*All spoken with intensity and double meaning.*)

WITT.—I will remember. (*Servant throws open door, back, and all start back with fright as the storm bursts in fiercely. Mar. shows the timid shrinking of a woman and hides her face in hands. Pause, and Servant half claps shut the door, showing that it requires strength to hold it against the wind.*)

SER.—Master! Master!

WITT.—(*Fearfully.*) It is a fearful night. The storm grows.

SER.—A night for murder—and death.

WITT.—(*Looks anxiously and inquiringly at Julie.*) There is strength in numbers, Marquis de Treville. (*Julie involuntarily shrinks back toward Marvingt, who makes a sudden gesture of protest.*)

MARVINGT.—(*Apart to Julie.*) Julie—Lady, thy frail body—

WITT.—I fear to venture—

MARVINGT.—Thy frail body— (*Marvingt throws herself upon Julie, who instantly puts her aside.*)

JULIE.—Holds the heart of the Marquis de Treville. (*To Ser.*) Open! (*Servant instantly opens door, storm rushes in, Julie throws arm before face, lowers head and rushes off, followed quickly by all as curtain falls.*)

(QUICK CURTAIN.)



ACT III.

CHARACTERS.

JOHANN EISNER.

HERR WITTHOLD.

BARON HOCHSTEIM.

CLERK OF COUNCIL.

SERVANT OF HERR WITTHOLD.

THE COURTIER OF FIRST ACT.

PAGE.

GERMAN COURTIER.

MARQUIS DE TREVILLE.

JOHANNA EISNER.

PRINCESS DU VALLON.

MARVINGT. (Still as Page.)

LADY JULIE. (First as Marquis de Treville, then as Julie.)

TIME: Afternoon—two weeks later.

PLACE: Private chamber of Councillor Eisner at Vienna Palace.

SCENE :

A set of book-shelves extending from middle of wall space at back nearly to the L. corner of stage. Curtains in front of shelves. A large window occupying the other half of stage, back. Handsome draperies. Tall clock on floor at L. U. Small door at L. 2. Long table L. C., covered with a magnificent velvet cover. Drawers in both ends of table. Table empty. Great chair for Eisner at R. end back of table. The chair has wide arms, and in one of them is a little cupboard. Wide, curtained entrance centre of R. Chairs at L. end of table and one slightly front, near centre. Over book-shelves at back are old-fashioned arms and armor. The clock is filled with broken bits of bread and napkins. The drawers of table full of papers at R. end, and soiled knives and forks at the other end. Behind the curtains of the book-shelves are bottles of wine, china service and silver, things of all kinds to eat. In the arm of Eisner's chair are a few little bundles of papers. On a little table at the L. end of Eisner's chair are decanters and a plate.

EISNER.—(*Without L., speaking in fat and stuffy tones.*) Look in the little compartment. Bring the papers here.

CLERK.—(*Enters L. and pauses in doorway; looks about.*) Since I am new in office, Herr Eisner, I am unfamiliar with your chambers, and—

EISNER.—(*Querulously without.*) Under the lid, under the lid, man.

CLERK.—(*Advances into room and looks about him hesitatingly. Goes to table L. and feels about for drawers. Finds drawers and throws up cloth and opens drawer. Pulls out in gin-*

gerly fashion a heap of crumpled napkins, some forks and half a pie. Piles things on table.) Humph! I am no housekeeper, but these things—

EISNER.—(From without.) Well, well, good fellow, will you find the papers?

CLERK.—Er—presently, Councillor. Since I am as yet unfamiliar— (Suddenly thinks of other end of table and darts to it. Opens drawer and takes out many papers in confusion.) Ah! I have them.

EISNER.—(Without.) Ah!

CLERK.—(Pauses as he crosses stage looking at papers.) Er—(Reading—disconcerted.) These be not the ones. (Reading.) Recipe for truffles in jelly— (Drops some papers, then hastily stoops to pick them up. Hustles to drawer.) Nay, these are recipes for puddings.

EISNER.—(Without.) Put 'em back, put 'em back, I say! They be for my wife to try her hand at. Must a gouty man be plagued like this? Get the papers.

CLERK.—(In wild confusion.) Yes, yes, Herr Councillor. I am as yet unfamil— (Turns about distraught.)

EISNER.—(Without.) Under the lid—under the lid.

CLERK.—(Suddenly sees clock and rushes to it.) It were strange to keep his papers here—yet it has a lid. (Opens clock, and knives and forks drop out upon him, and bits of stale bread. Clerk starts back.) God bless me! But—

EISNER.—(Without.) Ye have broken my dishes. Leave the place alone. I tell ye—under the lid.

CLERK.—(Clutching his hair frantically.) Yes, yes, Councillor— but each lid conceals a larder I— (Suddenly observes bookshelves and rushes to them. Throws back curtains and exposes contents. Clerk clasps hands and shouts—) AH!

EISNER.—(Appears in doorway L., with foot swathed in bandages and limping upon crutches. Sees condition of room—shouts—) What! Man, are ye crazy? (Sees papers at end of table.) My recipes! MY RECIPES! The recipe for the chocolate pudding. Find me my recipe for the chocolate pudding!

CLERK.—(On knees, looking among papers.) Yes, yes, Herr Councillor.

EISNER.—(Wildly looking through papers.) The chocolate pudding! Man, it had its origin in Charlemagne's time. Every chef of note from then till now has added to its excellence. I gave a castle in Bohemia for that bit of paper. To lose me my recipe—

CLERK.—(From knees, reading bit of paper.) You said chocolate, Herr Councillor?

EISNER.—(Breathlessly.) Aye—well—well—

CLERK.—A pudding—

EISNER.—(Snatches paper and sinks into chair.) My recipe—it is my recipe! (Becomes absorbed in it.) Yes, yes—you must have a care how you go about my chambers. (Clerk looks ruefully about the room.) After the eggs have been disguised by two bay leaves—add then the sugar—sugar—and set to simmer—

CLERK.—If you will tell me where the little lid—

EISNER.—Eh? The little lid—the official papers—why here, man. (*Opens lid in chair arm, disclosing a queer looking little bunch of papers.*)

CLERK.—(*Draws out papers and turns them curiously over.*) Ah! I'll know where to look for the business of the Court again. (*Stands with papers in hand.*) Shall I place them on the table?

EISNER.—(*Still abstracted and absorbed in recipe. Looks up.*) Eh? Yes, yes. (*Motions towards table.*) Er—read them. Read them aloud, and I'll attend. (*Again absorbed in recipe.*)

CLERK.—(*Surprised, but reads paper aloud.*) In the case of the State of Wurtemberg against the French—

EISNER.—Yes, yes. I remember now. It is the case of the Marquis de Treville. (*Waves papers away.*) Ye need not read them. I know the case—or rather it matters not. 'Tis settled. I'm pledged to the Province. Faith, I would have given him his titles and estates for the good his countrymen have done for such as me. (*Waving papers aside.*) Why, that recipe was original with a French gentleman of Charlemagne's time, my good—

CLERK.—Ah, yes, Herr Councillor—then since you know the case before the Council to-day, you need no further service?

EISNER.—(*Groaning and carefully putting away recipe under lid.*) Service? Yes—yes—till my wife comes, Herr Clerk. I beg you, in mercy, to stay near me and move that foot a little. (*Clerk arranges foot carefully on cushions, while Eisner groans.*) Ah! And now, if you will be so kind as to bring me the remainder of that pasty— (*Pointing to plate which he deposited on L. end of table when he entered. Clerk brings plate, regarding Eisner wonderingly all the time. Eisner takes plate with satisfaction and places it in his lap. Reaches for decanter and finds himself unable to pour wine.*) If you will— (*Clerk more wonderingly pours wine.*) Nay—nay, from the red one. A cool and sparkling draught, with a pasty such as this— Man, I must teach thee to eat. The last clerk— Ah! There was an appreciative fellow. He knew the difference between a sauce's velvet texture and— Why, man, for five years the last clerk—

CLERK.—Herr Councillor, you mean the clerk that has died but now?

EISNER.—Yes, yes—'twas he. A fine— (*Mysteriously.*) I'll tell ye—(*Pointing to bookshelves.*) Behind that little— (*Enters Johanna excitedly R. An austere woman with hair combed sleekly back. Wears black bonnet and veil. Hand bag stuffed full. Precise in manner and haughty. Clerk looks at Johanna with amazement, while Eisner turns at sound of entrance irritably, till he sees who enters, then manner becomes eager and pleased. Reaches toward Johanna excitedly.*) Johanna, my love. Ever faithful woman, give me thy bag. Thou hast brought the— (*Johanna waves Eisner off impatiently, and motions Clerk majestically to withdraw. Clerk looks at Eisner for orders.*) Go—go—man. Did not the Frau Johanna tell ye? (*Manner querulous. Turns again hastily to Johanna, who has advanced and stands severely R.*) Thy hand bag, good wife.

JOHANNA.—Clerk, I tell thee—go.

CLERK.—I go, I go Madame. (*To Eisner.*) Shall I—?

EISNER.—One moment, my Johanna. (*To Clerk.*) I forgot to tell ye—I am too ill to join the Council in the chamber. Ask of the two gentlemen that they convene here in my private room,

in pity. Since I cannot leave here (*pointing to foot*), request that they extend to me that kindness I am so often obliged to ask. (*Clerk bows and exits, looking in amazement at Johanna and Eisner. Johanna stands as when she entered till Clerk has gone. Clerk exits L.*) And now, my love, thy bag.

JOHANNA.—Never—never—! Till ye have avenged the insult to my honor.

EISNER.—Thy honor? Who has been so rash as to tamper with THY honor, Johanna? (*Irritably.*) Come—come—Johanna, thy honor's safe. Do not treat me so. Thy hand bag—(*Reaches for it.*)

JOHANNA.—(*Handing him note majestically.*) Safe? My honor safe? Read that, gourmand, and say then if my honor's safe. (*Eisner takes note wonderingly while looking at Johanna.*)

EISNER.—Why, woman, one would think thy spotless honor thy grievance. (*Unfolds note and reads irritably.*) Well, well, what has this to do with thy hand bag or my truffles? Come—come.

JOHANNA.—(*Throws hand bag on table beyond Eisner's reach.*) What? It is so you treat this insult? (*Snatching note, which Eisner gives up helplessly and bewildered.*)

EISNER.—There's naught in the note. A plain, decent tribute to thy greatness and virtue.

JOHANNA.—The man who wrote that knows not the meaning of virtue.

EISNER.—(*Reaching for note again more irritably.*) Well, well, give it me again. Perhaps I did not read it carefully enough (*Reads aloud.*) "To the wise and virtuous Lady Johanna I present my respectful devotion and—"

JOHANNA.—Well, fool—and what think ye of that?

EISNER.—(*More irritated.*) I think well.

JOHANNA.—(*Screaming.*) Respectful devotion! Ye think well, eh?

EISNER.—What, woman? Would ye have him present his devotion without respect? There, there—ye make me hot. Thy bag. (*Reaches out for bag. Johanna snatches it and puts it further from him.*)

JOHANNA.—Monster! If ye will not guard the virtue of thy wife, trust her to do it. (*Reads aloud.*) "I have sought thee, great lady, in the cause of goodness and"—see how he cloaks his base, French purposes in Godly terms.

EISNER.—(*Has fallen back in cushion helplessly—now sits alert.*) Eh? French? The name—?

JOHANNA.—De Treville. That wicked slayer of woman's virtue. And to assail an honest woman thus—

EISNER.—Thus, woman. He has not assailed thee—he has called thee virtuous. What would ye have?

JOHANNA.—That he should not call me at all. Me—an honest German wife. He is a wicked, French fellow.

EISNER.—Wicked? Eh? Did I not give my castle in Bohemia for a receipt of his—

JOHANNA.—And I doubt not ye would give your wife, monster.

EISNER.—(*Groans and falls back among the cushions.*) Johanna, what do you want, woman? The man has done ye no harm. Assail thy virtue! Woman (*exasperatedly*), look in that glass and prove thy fears absurd. (*Johanna snatches off veil and looks in mirror above book shelves.*)

JOHANNA.—What! Wretch! Ye insult me—me, who have studied your comfort as if—

EISNER.—Woman, woman. None shall call thee aught but a good wife in my presence. Believe me, thy great virtue—it is so sensitive, so— (*Wheedling Johanna, who softens and reaches for bag. Eisner observes her action and reflects his hope in his face. Johanna sees the expectation in his face and again withdraws bag.*) Kiss me, dear wife, and be certain I will guard thy virtue as if—as if—it were a chocolate pudding. (*Johanna falls upon him, and he shows anxiety for his foot, and submits with busi-ness of trying to reach bag over her shoulder.*)

JOHANNA.—Ye are a fine, good man, and shall have the best the place affords at dinner, this night. But I must be revenged—Promise me ye will avenge me, Johann. Turn the scurvy rascal out. Send him home as he has come—beggared and—

EISNER.—(*Sighing.*) Ah, he is not beggared who sits at tables where French cooks prevail, wife— But I'll beggar him as best a German Councillor with honest purpose can. Be sure of that. I'll avenge thee. (*Johanna smiles upon him, while she languishes and hands him bag, which Eisner greedily opens, and then becomes lost in contemplation of its contents. Deposits things under the little lid, tastes crumbs on his fingers, etc. Johanna rises. Enter Page R.*)

PAGE.—The Marquis de Treville, Councillor Eisner. He would enter to see the Lady Councillor, Johanna.

EISNER.—(*Licking fingers absorbedly.*) Um—the frau—let him—

JOHANNA.—(*Excitedly snatching bag from him.*) What, wretch! Would ye let him into my presence?

EISNER.—What harm will ye do him—er—he do ye, Johanna—dear wife—?

PAGE.—He says he will come in to see the lady if all Vienna be against him.

JOHANNA.—(*More and more excited.*) Ye hear that? (*Eisner helpless in manner.*) I tell ye, Johann, he shall come in. It is time to teach a French monster what German wives are like—and husbands, too. He shall see me defended. (*Excitedly to Page.*) Go, tell him he shall enter and have audience with the Lady Johanna—when I ring for ye show him in. (*Waves hand excitedly and Page exits R. Turns wildly to Johann.*) Now, Johann, ye shall show him what a good wife means to men in Germany. Get up.

EISNER.—(*Appalled and frightened.*) Get up? Johanna, what would ye? I am a sick man—

JOHANNA.—(*Voice like thunder.*) Get up! I'll spare ye that which makes ye sick if ye do not mind.

EISNER.—(*Nearly weeping.*) Johanna, Johanna—threats to me? I tell ye— Oh, Lord! Don't hustle me thus—I—

JOHANNA.—(*Poking him to get him out of chair.*) Get up. Get up. (*Rushes back to book-shelves and snatches arms from wall, and brings them down to Eisner.*) Now—(*Shoves weapons*

into Eisner's hands. *Eisner stands holding arms in bewildered manner.*)

EISNER.—(*Weeping.*) Woman—woman—what am I to do with these?

JOHANNA.—Defend the virtue of thy wife.

EISNER.—(*As Johanna shoves and bundles him toward front of table.*) Woman—woman—

JOHANNA.—Hide thyself. Lose not a moment.

EISNER.—(*Trying lustily to resist.*) No—ye are mad. I get myself beneath that table? I'll starve first, I tell ye.

JOHANNA.—Then ye *shall* starve. Shall he see me flouted by the man I've fed for twenty years— Ye **SHALL** starve, monster!

EISNER.—(*Wringing his hands.*) OH! Johanna, Johanna—have mercy! I'm a sick man. (*Holds out arms helplessly.*) My foot—I cannot get me beneath the table with these.

JOHANNA.—Choose, wretch! Under that table—or I feed ye no more.

EISNER.—(*Wildly.*) I can't! I can't! 'Twill kill me—

JOHANNA.—(*Eisner yields helplessly. Johanna hustles him under the table with arms, and pokes him out of sight.*) When I cry out shoot him in the legs. 'Twill disable him. Then come and shoot him in the arms. 'Twill disable him more. Then—

EISNER.—(*Smothered, from beneath the table.*) My foot—my foot! Woman, would ye have me kill the man because he calls ye virtuous? (*Johanna places the great chair before her, and collects all the other chairs in the room to make a barricade, and finally stands behind it, at the table and facing R. E.*) Call a wicked woman good—and she'll die for a man.

JOHANNA.—(*Fiercely.*) What know ye of wicked women?

EISNER.—Naught—naught. Except things go by contraries. Oh, I must get out, Johanna! (*Johanna rings bell fiercely, and assuming dreadful expression looks toward R. E. Enter Page.*)

JOHANNA.—Unloose the Frenchman. (*Page steps aside, and Julie stands in entrance with eyes shyly cast down. She is dressed in a modest suit of black velvet, with elegant lace ruffles and collar, like a girl. Hair golden and upon her shoulders. Manner elegant, modest and adoring towards Johanna. Marvingt enters just behind Julie, dressed to correspond with Julie's metamorphosis. Marvingt's appearance is laughable. She is fat, and has the appearance of being stuffed into her black suit, and her curling hair makes her look like an inanimate creature—a jointed doll. Manner foreign and uncomfortable. Stands a little up stage, just behind Julie. Eisner sticks his head from under the table, front, when he notices the pause which follows the entrance of Julie, and looks at Julie and Marvingt. Manner first angry, then surprised, then suppresses mirth. A complete change of expression on Johanna's face after she beholds Julie. Julie stands with plume of hat sweeping the floor, bowing with hand on heart. Does not look at Johanna, but casts down eyes as if overcome with shyness.*) AH!

JULIE.—Noble lady— (*Pause.*)

JOHANNA.—Hem!

JULIE.—(*Advancing a step and raising head, with eyes still cast down. Has not yet looked up at Johanna.*) I come to thee a suppliant. (*Johanna tries to recover from her surprise, and betrays growing interest in Julie.*)

JOHANNA.—Hem!

JULIE.—(*In attitude of eagerness, bending forward, hat still sweeping floor and hand still on heart. Eyes still cast down.*) I know not how to begin. I first sought thee at thy home. (*Pauses.*)

JOHANNA.—(*Long pause.*) Hem!

JULIE.—I—could not find thee—I followed thy lovely presence here.

JOHANNA.—(*Aside.*) He dare not raise his eyes. (*Involuntarily moves chair from in front of her.*) I—I—am willing to listen, youth. (*Glances about at fortifications and toward table where Eisner is concealed.*)

JULIE.—(*Warmly.*) From my youth I have heard of thy justice and glowing virtue—I understand it now—I—I—(*bus.*) feel it—glow. (*Bus. for Johanna of embarrassment and pleasure.*)

JOHANNA.—Proceed, young man.

JULIE.—(*Advancing still nearer, but never raising her eyes.*) That good Councillor, thy poor, misguided husband—(*Johanna shakes her head commiseratingly but acquiescently.*)—all know him as a man of kindness—but—of wax. Of wax compared with thy great strength of—will and—virtue. (*Johanna tries to look unconcerned, but shows great elation and removes the chair from before her, while Eisner ruefully and in amazement shoves his head out front and again tries to see the scene. As Julie hears the chair removed she starts forward and looks Johanna in the face, and appears carried away with emotion. Johanna slightly withdraws from his extended hand and glances under table.*) Nay—I will not presume to touch thy hand—I dare not hope to touch that hand—(*Johanna suddenly thrusts hand upon her, as though she fears Julie will keep her word. Julie grasps hand enthusiastically.*)

JOHANNA.—Modest youth—(*Eisner has bus. of amazement from under the table. Julie hesitates with emotion and starts forward.*) Who is the—thy companion? (*Indicating Marvingt.*)

JULIE.—(*Marvingt has stood absolutely motionless and like a stuffed doll—still stands so.*) He is my protector. (*Marvingt, with a perfectly mechanical movement, side steps to Julie's side to protect her.*)

JOHANNA.—(*Becoming more elated.*) Thy—thy—protector—I—I—can understand ye, good youth—

JULIE.—(*With burst of feeling.*) How blest am I— Who before has understood me? It is the destiny of a man like me to be misunderstood—

JOHANNA.—(*Becoming more elated.*) Er—sit. (*Another galvanic movement on part of Julie, who motions Johanna to sit first, then Marvingt side steps to her side. Johanna looks inquiringly at Marvingt and Julie, and Julie motions Marvingt to step back. Marvingt steps back, and Julie again motions Johanna to sit.*)

JULIE.—After majesty—and virtue. (*They sit.*) My name and business are known to thee, just lady. I can appeal to thee, but not to the warlike Baron Hochsteim—

JOHANNA.—(*Shrieking.*) Ah! Hochsteim. Do not speak that dreadful name to me.

JULIE.—Nay—nay—madame— 'Tis not for ears like thine to hear. The Councillor Herr Witthold— (*Johanna raises hands and shrieks.*)

JOHANNA.—Witthold! He who talks of ancient men and women whom it were pollution for—

JULIE.—Ears like thine to hear. I cannot plead my cause with such as these, lady—and so I came to thee.

JOHANNA.—(*Growing elated.*) No—no—thy innocent youth could not face such—

JULIE.—(*Rising enthusiastically.*) Ah, madame—in truth thou canst understand me.

JOHANNA.—(*With great elation.*) I have done thee great wrong, gracious youth. I will make amends. Hochsteim—Witthold—humph! Ye have done well to come to me. I will protect thy innocent youth and see thou are not unsupported. Come—come with me. (*Marvingt shows anxiety to protect Julie. Starting to go—*) I will see thee cared for and— (*Loud laugh from beneath the table. Julie starts, and Johanna nearly falls. Shows great confusion.*) What—what! (*Drags Eisner out. Eisner nearly suffocated and holding arms.*) Listening—?

EISNER.—(*Nearly dying of laughter and gout, and falling into great chair.*) Where am I to shoot him next, Johanna—Where am I—? (*Gives way to paroxysm of laughter and gout.*)

JOHANNA.—Silence—or I will poison ye, bold man. (*To Julie, who stands watching in amazement. Speaks pitiaibly.*) Now see, good youth, to what a virtuous wife may be subjected—and treat thine own with respect.

EISNER.—If I shoot him in the legs—

JOHANNA.—(*Screaming.*) Thy jealousy—Oh! To what depths can man sink? To suspect the virtue of a wife like me—To hide—rascal! (*Eisner suddenly straightens face and looks dumbfounded.*)

EISNER.—Johanna—!

JOHANNA.—Silence! (*Hurrying Julie off R.*) Insult me more, and I'll show ye what a wife may do to defend herself—

EISNER.—Nay—nay—Johanna, I—

JOHANNA.—(*With awful dignity.*) It is well. To be deemed before this youth! NOW, I say, thy vote SHALL be cast for him.

EISNER.—(*Protesting.*) Johanna—my vote is for the Province. 'Tis pledged. I'd give the French youth my vote for aught I care—but I may not—

JOHANNA.—Thy vote—it shall be his—

EISNER.—Be reasonable, woman— (*Bus. of great anxiety and watchfulness on part of Julie, who stands near R. E., a little up.*)

JOHANNA.—Ye were reasonable in your suspicion. Thy vote I say—or I'll see thy gullet and thy gout in pickle before I'll serve ye more.

EISNER.—(*Groans helplessly and looks at Julie.*) I'm pledged with the others—

JULIE.—(*Advancing a little.*) Great Councillor—I am loath to be the cause of thy disturbance, but if I may point a way to

please the virtuous frau, Johanna, without hurt to thee—? Naught but unanimous agreement, can save my honor. Two are pledged with thee. Then thy one vote cannot harm the Province—and none will know who cast it. No matter for myself—but for this lovely lady— (*Bows low to Johanna.*)

JOHANNA.—(*Determinedly.*) He shall stand by ye, youth.

EISNER.—(*Groans.*) Well, well. I do not know that it can harm the case. I'll please ye, Johanna—if ye will forget—

JOHANNA.—(*Loftily.*) I'll do a virtuous duty by ye. But no more suspicion, monster. Thy vote is ours. (*Turns to Julie and gives hand. Julie kisses hand lingeringly.*) Come, dear youth. We will return presently to behold how Johann has done his duty. In the meantime, to atone for—for—his suspicions of thee—we'll to our house and have refreshment. Come! (*Julie takes Johanna's hand modestly but admiringly, and goes toward R. E.*)

JULIE.—Noble woman! (*At door Eisner looking at them helplessly and at arms by his side.*)

JOHANNA.—(*From entrance.*) Do not fail me, Johann—or ye shall suffer. (*Eisner groans. Julie, after much bowing, exits with Johanna. Marvingt follows. Pause, while Eisner looks after them, as if dazed, and then at the arms beside him. Rings bell. Enter Clerk L.; comes to table. Eisner speaks weakly.*) Remove these arms, Herr Clerk. I—I—sometimes think of suicide. (*Clerk takes up arms and goes back with them, looking furtively at Eisner. Replaces arms above shelves and turns to Eisner.*)

CLERK.—Councillors Herr Witthold and Baron Hochstein are within, and they will attend you here.

EISNER.—(*Trying to recover himself.*) Oh, Lord! Well, well; go shut that clock and make the place official, and tell them I thank them, and—

CLERK.—Yes, Herr Councillor. (*Arranging clock and replacing papers in drawer.*)

EISNER.—(*Watching helplessly.*) I'll repay thee for these little attentions to a sick man, Clerk. When we get to know each other—my little dinners—

CLERK.—Ah! They were partaken of by the clerk that died. I—I—will notify the Councillors that ye are ready. (*Bows and exits L. Eisner groaning and moving his leg.*)

EISNER.—Oh, Johanna!—if ye were Councillor—the Court would sit but once, good wife. (*Groans, and Clerk reënters carrying ballot box, and followed by Witthold, who wears a mantle as if cold, and his servant is behind him with a rug and chauve-pied. Servant places chauve-pied beneath Witthold's feet, as he sits in the chair just in front of the table at L., and then takes his place behind Witthold's chair. Hochstein precedes Witthold, breezily, and goes to Eisner, as Clerk places ballot box on table and withdraws again to L.*)

HOCH.—Ah, Eisner—more wine and song? (*Pointing to Eisner's foot.*)

EISNER.—(*Groaning.*) No song, Baron, no song. (*Groans again.*)

WITT.—(*Horried.*) When modern man indulges vulgar appetite—

BARON H.—He's punished enough, friend Councillor, without a preachment on ancient follies. Come! Come! To the

business in hand, then Herr Eisner to his excellent wife's pates, and I back to my forests, my dogs, and what I love ! To work ! (*Enter Clerk again L. with bundle of papers, which he places on table. The papers are immediately picked up by Baron, who has stood a little down stage.*) These be the papers in the case of the French Marquis, eh ? (*Turning papers over gingerly.*)

WITT.—(*Stealthily glancing at both Eisner and Baron.*) The French adventurer.

EISNER.—Well, so he be French—he doubtless eats good dinners.

BARON.—(*Clerk is fussing with little slips of paper back at table.*) Aye, and if he live an adventurer—it is our fault. So curse yourself, Witthold.

WITT.—Eh ? (*Angrily.*) What have I to do with it ? For treasonable utterances, Baron Hochsteim—

BARON.—(*Advances upon Witthold threateningly.*) Well, well, the rest—? What is in your classic mind, man ?

EISNER.—(*Irritably trying to stop quarrel.*) To the business, friends— And let me get to my home. Clerk, are the ballots prepared ?

CLERK.—When the Herr Councillors are ready, Herr Eisner. (*Baron has stamped angrily to table and been handed a slip of paper by Clerk.*)

BARON.—Ah, here's to do the Province a turn !

WITT.—Be sure you do it no ill turn, Baron Hochsteim. (*Withdraws into wraps, while Clerk hands him slip, which he barely reaches for.*)

BARON.—(*Turns on him wrathfully.*) I'll turn ye into a colder Councillor than ye are if—

EISNER.—(*Fretfully.*) Brothers, brothers, let us dispatch the business, that we may the sooner dispatch our dinners. (*Takes slip from Clerk and groans.*)

BARON.—Ah ! (*Goes to wall by door R., looks at Eisner and Witthold to see if they can observe what he writes from such a distance. Places his paper against the wall to write upon it. Speaks aside.*) Here goes for thee, lad. Little chance hast thou with that old glutton and the classic ruin there. (*Writes laboredly. After he has completed the work, looks at it critically, and then at the other Councillors contemptuously. Stamps to ballot box.*)

EISNER.—(*Starts to write. Pauses and looks irritably at R. E., then writes on arm of chair.*) Oh, woman, woman !

WITT.—(*Taking notebook from pocket and placing slip on it for convenience.*) They'll wince—when they find they have it not all their own way. (*Speaks malevolently. Writes slip and leans over to place it in box. As Witthold deposits his vote Baron has arrived at table from R. C., where he has stood contemplating his paper, and has started to place paper in box. Draws back as he nearly encounters Witthold, who smiles at him wickedly. Baron deposits his vote with a haughty toss of his head, and touching his sword as if to challenge. Eisner just finishes writing, and groaning as business between other men is finished. Eisner unable to reach box. Clerk shoves box toward him. Eisner deposits vote with indifference, and becomes immediately absorbed in his own troubles.*)

BARON.—Now open the coffin, Herr Clerk, and find the damage done to the wicked Frenchman. Then I'm off to honester pursuits. (*Waves hand impatiently and stamps up R. Looks out of broad window as if to interest himself with other things.*)

EISNER.—Read, Herr Clerk, then to dinner.

CLERK.—(*Standing behind table.*) The first ballot declares for the Marquis de Treville. The Prince of Wurtemberg—by one vote. (*Baron at window turns slightly, with a look of boyish pleasure and maliciousness upon his face, and looks keenly toward the others. Nods his head shortly. Witthold raises his head a little and nods maliciously and grins at Hochsteim, then retires behind mufflers. Eisner nods two or three times piggishly as if duty was done. None of the men suspect each other, nor expect their several emotions to be observed by each other.*)

BARON.—(*Trying not to laugh.*) Humph! Somebody is treasonable. Eh, Herr Witthold? (*Frowns fiercely and mockingly upon Witthold, as Witthold grins.*)

WITT.—Humph!

CLERK.—The second ballot declares for—the MARQUIS DE TREVILLE. (*Baron starts forward as if electrified, and Eisner looks up piggishly as if a little surprised. Witthold raises head again in much surprise and bewilderment, and with a cunning expression peers at Baron. Hold picture as long as possible.*) The Prince of Wurtemberg by majority. (*Clerk takes out last ballot.*) The third ballot declares for—THE MARQUIS DE TREVILLE. (*Baron cries out and bounds down stage to table. Witthold leans forward, grasping arms of chair, and forgets to keep wrappings about himself. Eisner leans forward with only half aroused look, half grinning, wholly puzzled. Each man acts after his characteristic fashion. The Baron intrepidly and nervously, Eisner sluggishly and selfishly, and Witthold keenly and maliciously.*)

BARON.—PRINCE OF WURTEMBERG UNANIMOUSLY! (*Each looks at the other. Suddenly Baron breaks into a long, boisterous and mocking laugh.*) Well, well, Herr Witthold, I had not thought ye had so much blood in your veins. Where now is treason to the German State? (*Laughs.*) PRINCE—PRINCE of Wurtemberg! My French Marquis! (*Shouts with hysterical happiness.*) And he will fit the title to a T. My dear, roystering, merry guest! Here's to thee, in more of my good rhenish! (*Goes through motion of drinking to Prince.*)

WITT.—(*Rising.*) Your roystering, merry guest? A poor, browbeaten youth—who saved my life in your cutthroat castle—

BARON.—(*Clapping hand quickly to sword and turning viciously on Witthold.*) What—ye scamp—?

EISNER.—(*Groaning.*) Gentlemen—gentlemen! Brothers have a care. Remember your high office. Who cares a straw after all if he be Prince or peasant.

BARON.—I' faith, I suspect *he* does.

EISNER.—Well, well, I know not how it came about—but now 'tis done and we'll to dinner. (*Attempts to rise and groans.*)

BARON.—True—and now 'tis done, naught can undo it. My splendid lad—

WITT.—(*Rising majestically and trailing his wraps about him.*) A poor, ill-used lad—gentle and full of classic lore—

BARON.—What? Ye lie, ye ancient fool! Call my brave Prince full of classic lore and I'll spit ye. He was full of my good German wine. As—full as a Prince.

WITT.—(*Starting toward Baron. Scene becomes very fast and excitable.*) You call me a liar—? I say poor, unhappy fellow.

BARON.—(*Rushes at Witthold, who gets behind his chair in self defence. Baron shouts wildly.*) As drunk and full of heart as—

EISNER.—(*Shouting and groaning.*) Men, I tell ye ye are both wrong. (*Baron and Witthold turn madly upon Eisner, who snatches up ballot box to defend himself.*)

BARON.—What say ye?

EISNER.—(*Shouting from behind chair and box.*) Wrong, wrong, I say—

BARON.—What! Was he not my guest? Did I not see—with my own eyes—?

WITT.—(*Advancing upon Eisner. Both men approach him threateningly, and Eisner tries wildly to make a stand with the box.*) And I with mine.

EISNER.—Ye are both mad— All are mad— To the Devil with this Frenchman! First Johanna—then—

BARON.—Who dares dispute me I'll— (*Noise without R., which men within are too excited to notice. Noise without grows greater, voices expostulate, and door is finally burst open, revealing the Marquis de Treville of France—the real Marquis, who rushes in as guards try to impede him. Pauses in entrance, and all on the stage turn, breathless with their own wrangling, and face him.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Pauses.*) JULIE! Julie de Soubise! (*Looks inquiringly around at men, and Witthold draws back slightly as if frightened. Eisner half raises ballot box and stands on guard. Baron stares at Marquis, who is breathless with his struggle without and with excitement. Advances into room to R. C.*) Julie de Soubise!

EISNER.—(*Groans wildly and lets box fall with a crash.*) Take him away— Take the madman out— Oh, Johanna—

MARQUIS.—(*Louder. Striding up to Baron, who has stood staring at him.*) Julie de Soubise, I say.

BARON.—Devils!

PAGE.—(*From door, where great crowd is gathered about. Among crowd may be seen de Guiche, Delacroix, Metiere, etc., who now and then make an effort to advance and are kept out by officials.*) We could not force him back, Herr Councillors—and here be more who would have entered. (*Crowd restraining slight action on the part of Del., etc., to enter.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Turns wildly.*) I'll kill! (*Crowd draws back. Marquis turns instantly to Baron.*) Give me the Lady Julie, or—

BARON.—(*Roaring angrily*) What have I to do with thy jade—?

MARQUIS.—(*Rushes upon Baron, who draws to resist attack. All at door rush forward and pull the Marquis off. Marquis falls back, partly overcome, and stands wildly glaring at Baron.*) Liar! She was in thy castle. I have traced her no farther. Tell me where she is, or—

BARON.—At my castle—? Ye fool! A woman at my castle—a woman beside the jade Elspeth—? Take off the madman. (*Concerted action toward Marquis. Del. and others of the first act have pushed in when the crowd sought to restrain Marquis, and they stand, wonderingly but threateningly, near the Marquis, and look questioningly at the Baron.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Frantically turns upon crowd, which falls back.*) Now I warn thee. Confess what you have done to Julie de Soubise, or I will cut out your heart, and, taking it home to France, will feed it piecemeal to my dogs.

BARON.—By God! I like thee! Tell me the name of him who would cut out my heart before we kill each other. (*The demeanor of both men is that of suppressed fury; they have grown much calmer, and are preparing for fight. The Baron has motioned the crowd back, and the Marquis has motioned Del. and the other French gentlemen, who have crowded about him, to fall back and give him and the Baron room.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Dropping point of sword an instant to ground.*) My name is—the Marquis de Treville. (*Instantly up with sword to begin play. Baron shouts. Witthold and Eisner look wildly at each other, and Eisner falls prostrate in chair, paralyzed and helpless with astonishment. Witthold nearly collapses and throws off more wrappings. Baron lowers sword, which compels Marquis to pause.*) Fight—fool! Fight, cutthroat! Fool! Fight, knave! Fight, miserable—

BARON.—(*Roaring.*) Fight the Marquis de Treville—never—so help me God! Fight the Marquis de Treville. (*Turns to Eisner and Witthold in a daze, with hand to brow. Motions to Marquis, who stands in amaze.*)

WITT.—(*Advancing a trifle.*) Ye are no Marquis de Treville—

MARQUIS.—(*Turning on him.*) Eh? It is my name, fellow, or ye are a dead man.

WITT.—Aye—aye—it is thy name—

EISNER.—Man—de Treville is not your name. Have I not seen—

MARQUIS.—(*Wildly preparing to fight—looks about frantically and desperately.*) Good! Then 'tis not my name. But in the name of him who loves Julie de Soubise, whom ye have slain, or hid, or loved, I'll kill—some one of ye—all. FIRST. (*Rushes in a paroxysm of rage at Baron, who begins to fight. As Baron and Marquis begin to fight with skill and determination the crowd becomes all attention, and after a moment du Vallon is seen trying to enter. Princess du Vallou is restrained from entering by de Guiche. At the same time Johanna pushes through crowd, which falls back as soon as she motions it aside. The page cries out at sight of her. Johanna is followed by Julie still in man's dress, and not observing the French company, which is all within the entrance.*)

PAGE.—(*Fearfully to Johanna, and dragging at her gown.*) Oh, frau Eisner—

JOHANNA.—(*Triumphantly within entrance, holding Julie by hand. Julie enters with curiosity, followed by Marvingt, but with expression of happiness and unsuspectingly. At sight of Julie all the French company cry out.*)

ALL.—Ah! (*Julie suddenly perceives the company. Pause. Men cease to fight at cry of company and turn upon Julie. Julie puts hand to heart, reels, clutches at Johanna's gown, and falls back half unconscious and half hidden by Johanna. As Baron turns, and Julie reels, he cries out:*)

BARON.—The Marquis de Treville! (*Pointing to Julie.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Half recoils involuntarily.*) JULIE! (*Julie hidden and nearly unconscious by side of Johanna. Johanna looks upon the company as if resenting their madness, and still holds Julie's hand.*)

JOHANNA.—(*With asperity.*) Well, good sirs!

WITT.—(*Advancing a little wonderingly.*) Aye—the Marquis de Treville!

JOHANNA.—Aye—the Marquis de Treville—and what of that? He accompanies me to learn the outcome of the vote taken here to-day—Johann?

JOHANN.—(*Nearly hysterical.*) Oh, woman—woman! (*Johanna looks from one to the other angrily. Marquis de Treville stares at Marvingt and Julie as if nearly distraught. The company motionless and watching.*)

JOHANNA.—(*Growing more angry.*) Well, are ye all daft—?

MARQUIS.—JULIE! (*Throws himself toward Julie and tries to drag her to her feet. Julie shrinks closer to Johanna and keeps her face hidden. Marquis rises when he finds she resists and looks dazedly at all. French company turn and speak apart and look at Julie wonderingly. Men presently smile, and du Vallon stands forward a little from the others, gathering up her gown loftily.*)

MARVINGT.—(*Takes off wig mechanically, and her appearance is dignified and her manner earnest. Keeps in crowd.*)

DU VALLON.—Come, gentlemen, since you know not whether you are here to defend a woman or a man. (*Pointing to Julie, who is motionless.*) Let a woman lead you hence. (*As du Vallon speaks Marquis turns nervously and suddenly toward her, and all turn toward each one who speaks or makes the slightest action, as they should do when so expectant and overstrained.*)

MARVINGT.—(*Loudly.*) Such deeds of love as Julie de Soubise has done leave no question of her sex, madame—she is a woman—every inch a woman. (*Julie springs to Marvingt and throws herself into her arms with face hidden. Marvingt stands with Julie pressed to her, and regarding company scornfully. Company turn to each other.*)

BARON.—By Heaven! I believe I see—(*Clapping hand to forehead, turns to Marquis.*) Man, ye are the Marquis de Treville? (*Marquis turns head mechanically and looks at Baron, but does not answer.*) Ye are the Marquis de Treville—and he—(*pointing to Julie*)—she—er—the lad—er—girl there—was at my castle, feigning—er—AH! (*To Marquis uproariously.*) Man—you know not what the girl has done for ye. To her—

MARQUIS.—(*Hand to head.*) I—know—not—what—she—has—done—for me. I care not—since—I have her back. Julie—(*Marvingt tries to thrust her toward the Marquis, and Julie gets into Johanna's arms. Johanna hardly knows what to do with her, but is subdued by the situation.*)

DU VALLON.—What, gentlemen! Will you let me witness a shameless scene like this? (*Marquis forcibly takes Julie in his arms. Julie all of the time passive. Marquis and Julie C. Marquis's attitude toward the company one of helplessness to shield, yet he is defiant. When du Vallon speaks he places his hand on Julie's head as if to shield her. Marvingt hastily turns to lady of German Court beside her and speaks in dumb show. Lady removes magnificent black velvet mantle and gives it earnestly to Marvingt. As Baron speaks Marvingt places mantle about Julie, who at once assumes elegant, well-gowned and feminine appearance. Mantle is girdled and appropriate.*)

BARON.—(*Protesting to du Vallon.*) Nay, lady—she's as good a fellow as lives. Has she not slept in my castle, and stood up to my wine, and— (*Marquis, holding Julie's face upon his shoulder, tries to stop Baron, with gesture.*)

DU VALLON.—(*Enraged.*) Enough! Must I not only see my sex debased by such as she, but listen to the boasts of her foul companions in debauchery?

BARON.—The Devil!

MARQUIS.—(*As du Vallon turns haughtily and mockingly to go.*) Stay! Adventurer though these men have made me (*motioning toward Councillors*), I am a Frenchman. I do not know what she has done, but my life upon her goodness. (*To Julie.*) I have naught to offer thee. I am outlawed by these men. My wife may have no honorable place. I cannot shield thee from (*looking contemptuously at company*) such nobility as this—but I can love thee, love thee, love thee. (*As Marquis speaks Julie throws her arms about him sobbing. Du Vallon pauses at R. E., and looks at Julie contemptuously.*)

EISNER.—But—but—if ye are the Marquis de Treville—were—er—

BARON.—Ah!

JOHANNA.—He has one vote—answer me that, Johann.

BARON.—(*Shouting.*) One? Woman, he is Prince. (*Company starts back. Marquis looks at Baron, trying to understand what he has said. Julie turns with clasped hands to Marvingt, who reflects Julie's joy. Company turns to each other in confusion. Julie urges Marvingt off R., while Marvingt tries to stay her. Marquis speaks monotonously when he speaks.*)

DE GUICHE.—(*Sneeringly.*) Ah, then the poor girl has lost again—

MARQUIS.—(*Turns to de Guiche, vainly trying to understand the situation, then turns to Baron. Voice subdued.*) Prince? (*Very loud.*) PRINCE?

BARON.—(*Overcome with joy and anxiety.*) The girl goes— (*Pointing to Julie who is near R. E., while Marvingt is trying to stay her.*)

MARQUIS.—(*Breaking through crowd, who give way for him.*) Julie—Julie de Soubise. (*Takes her fiercely in arms and takes her C.*) And I had naught to give thee. (*Addressing company.*) Aye, she has lost again. (*To de Guiche.*) Thy venom—for my sword. THE PRINCESS, ETC., de—etc., etc., etc. (*All crowd about C., with cries of enthusiasm and good will.*)

(CURTAIN.)

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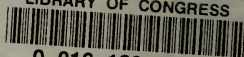
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